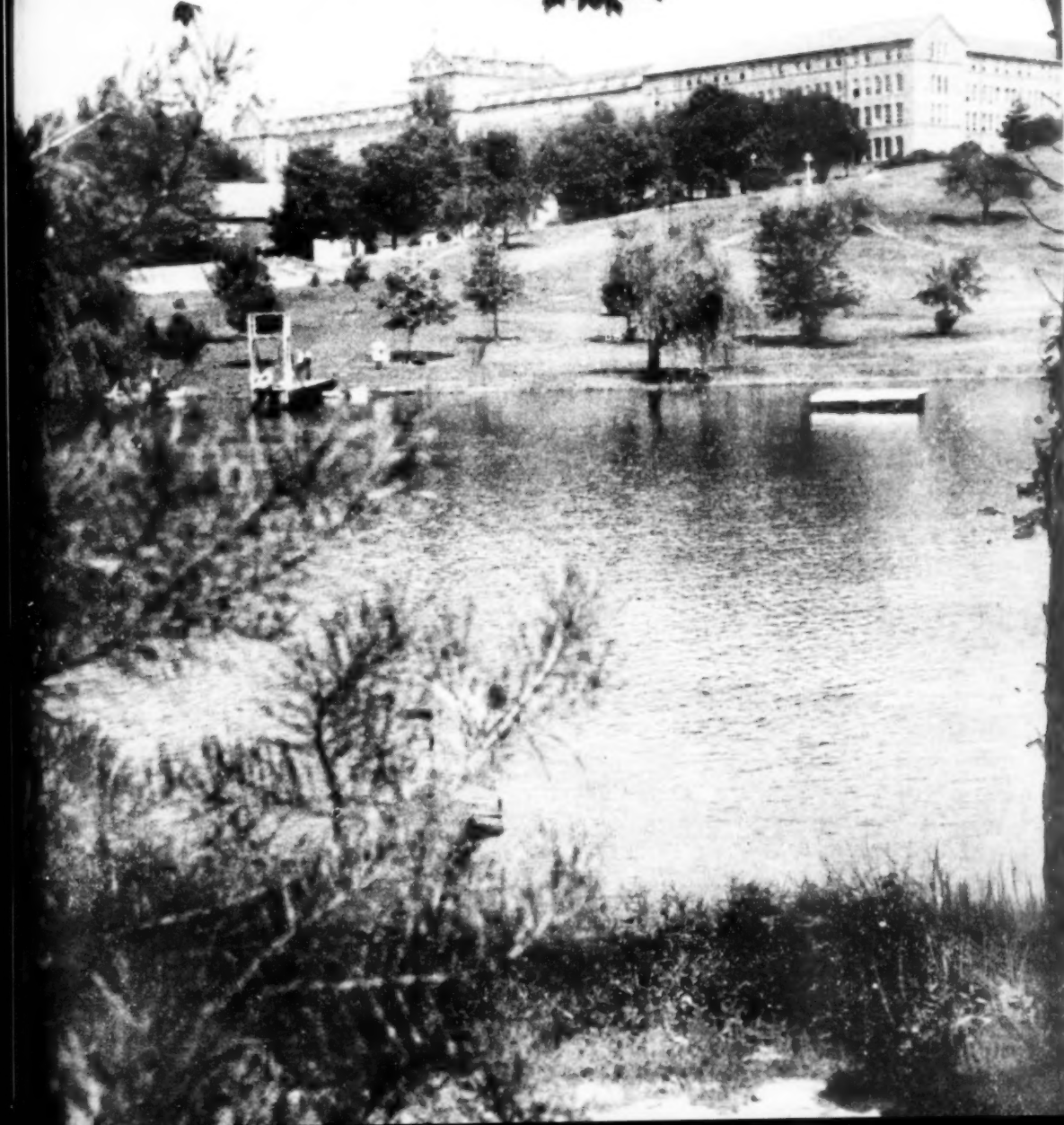


The G RAIL



The Grail

Volume 28, No. 4

APRIL, 1946

IN THIS ISSUE

Militant Atheism	H. C. McGinnis	97
Give and Take		
Our Lady's Shrines	Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B.	99
Frances Fitzwilliam		100
Our Lady in History	Arnold White	102
More on the Racial Question		
Kathleen Marson		102
Al Mulholland		102
The Praying Coach	Marion Kinsdale	103
The Missing Indictment	Harold Gluck, Ph.D.	104
The White Paper		105
Well Wells!	Liam Brophy	107
Making a Home Breathe	Louise Parnell	109
Rare Disease Yields to Prayer	Anne Tansey	110
While Rome Burns	Helen Williams	112
Good Friday on Formosa	William E. Green	114
Can You Identify Them?	Francis Howard	114
The Children of Fatima	Mary Fabyan Windeatt	116
Assignment Completed	Eva Evans	120
It's Agin' The Law	Eleanor M. Marshall	121
Bread Upon the Waters		123
Our Reading Room		124
Brideshead Revisited	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.	124
The Arch of Triumph	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.	124
Others Will Come	Basil Mattingly, O.S.B.	125
The Life of Father Pro	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.	125
John Henry Newman	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.	125
What Say You	William Walker, O.S.B.	126
The Lost Weekend	Glen O'Connor	126
Mary Theresa Countess Ledochowska		
Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.		126
The Question Box	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.	127

THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

OFFICE MANAGER

Rev. Bede Stocker, O.S.B.

ASSISTANT

Rev. Edwin Miller, O.S.B.

Member of Catholic Press Association

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.



H. C. McGinnis

ATHEISM is now definitely militant. In fact, it has passed into the military stage. A quick glance at the world shows how true this is. The spearhead of world atheism is Russia and its Communism. It is now quite clear that Moscow has set out to obliterate Catholicism in her entire European sphere of influence. Recently the Holy Father felt obliged to protest in an Encyclical against the treatment being meted out to Catholics in Ruthenia. He named Russia as the persecutor of these Ruthenian Christians. But Russia is guilty in more places than in Ruthenia, a part of Czechoslovakia. It is plain that she intends that no Catholicism shall exist in Poland east of the Curzon Line. In Hungary she is persecuting the Church in every way possible. Church property is being violated daily. Acts of violence are being committed before the very altars as drunken Red soldiers break in, often to rape women and young girls who seek shelter there. Priests have been killed in the defense of these helpless ones. Hungary's entire Catholic population is served by only six small papers having a very limited number of pages, supposedly due to

newsprint shortages; but the country is flooded with Red literature put out by Communists or by others under Red pressure. In Lithuania the Christian Democrats are making an underground resistance to Communism which, when its history becomes known, will rival the best of underground resistances made against the Nazis in places invaded by Hitler. But despite this heroic resistance, the atheistic juggernaut of destruction is moving inexorably ahead.

If atheism were being held within the boundaries of the so-called Russian sphere of influence, matters would be bad enough; but all Europe is under attack. Moscow's atheistic hand is exceedingly plain in western Europe. Her French minions made it impossible for De Gaulle's government to function properly. With De Gaulle out, France, under Red pressure, began to demand that the democracies take action against Franco's Spain, Moscow's mortal enemy. Naturally, Moscow joins in this demand, insisting that all the democracies unite in toppling a dictatorial regime. That's a joke, son! Imagine Stalin demanding that a regime be ousted from power because it does not permit political freedom! Imagine intelligent statesmen of other countries even listening to such brazen bunk! If Franco should be deposed by the democracies because he is a dictator, why should Stalin receive recognition and be toadied to? Is he, perchance, the Thomas Jefferson of Russia in disguise? While Franco may not be exactly Spain's best bargain, the bare fact is very clear that Spain's choice has lain between him and Communism. As early as 1936, Moscow bragged that Spain would become her capital in Western

Europe, her European branch office.

In Italy the Reds are working furiously but without too much success, due mainly to the program for social justice being put into practice by Italy's Christian Democrats. Sweden and Switzerland have incurred Moscow's extreme displeasure because they have refused to bend to Red Machinations within their borders. However, one may be sure that Red propaganda is going on unceasingly in those places as elsewhere. We may also look for tiny Belgium to become a target for Red abuse in some form or other, now that the Christian Social Party, composed largely of the former Catholic Party, won 84% of Belgium's votes in the recent national elections. In Russian-occupied Germany, the Reds are doing everything possible to woo the Germans to their atheistic doctrines, while Red propagandists work diligently throughout the rest of Germany. In Austria the Reds have failed miserably for the time being, due to the successes of the People's Party, the Austrian version of Christian Democracy. But in all such places, however, Moscow's atheism is still militant, working day and night to poison the people's minds against the moral form of society.

LATIN-AMERICA is also under furious attack, much of the work there being done by agents who land on deserted strips of coast from all kinds of vessels. In Chile, the Reds have scored some minor successes which give them high hopes of much greater ones. In many other countries south of the border Red centers are seething with activity as they seek to spread their poisonous doctrine by every means possible. The activities of Red spy-

rings in Canada and the United States have received much publicity of late, but probably not as much as they should. American Reds have started a smear campaign designed to "get" J. Edgar Hoover, hoping thereby to lessen the well-known efficiency of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which is a constant check to the advancing of their nefarious plans against American safety.

The present military phase of atheism's spearhead should cause the moral world much concern. The American reporters who strayed into the Darien section of Manchuria discovered a very disquieting state of affairs. Their visit was totally unexpected; hence they saw many things the Reds did not want seen. They found full-scale Red maneuvers going on full speed. Russian soldiers were putting American lease-lend tanks and other equipment through their battle paces, while Red infantrymen crawled over the ground against an imaginary enemy. Anti-aircraft batteries were getting stiff workouts, while field artillery and mortar batteries were practicing their stuff.

RED Russia is the only one of the Big Powers not demobilizing as rapidly as possible. Whom does Russia fear? Who or what threatens Russian security? Isn't the war over so far as Russia is concerned? Is Russia now working to establish the peace which the world seeks so hungrily or is she preparing for some bloodshed? Why is Moscow daily increasing her military forces while other nations are decreasing theirs? It is true that these war games and maneuvers are taking place in far-off Asia, a fact which misleads too many Americans. But these Red trainees can be easily moved from Manchuria to join Russia's millions of seasoned veterans now in eastern Europe. Moscow is well known to have the habit of feinting before striking her real blows. Perhaps these Red soldiers are being trained so thoroughly for the purpose of destroying Christian civilization in western Europe, for Moscow has never made a secret of

her intention to destroy Christianity and the civilization it has established. In any event, we must not forget that world-atheism has gone military and that it can boast of the world's largest and most powerful armies.

Let us make no mistake: World War II was but the political phase of a crucial struggle to determine the world's future. The ideological battle is yet to come and its outcome may be destined to be settled on bloody battlefields. In World War II, the ideological outcome could not possibly be decisive. On one side were arrayed the forces of morality, true democracy, Individualism's imperialists and Russian totalitarianism. On the other side were arrayed the main bloc of pagan totalitarianism and the Asiatic brand of imperialism. Obviously a victory by the United Nations still left unsettled whether democracy, imperialism or the Russian version of totalitarianism would be society's prevailing principle. Normally one would look for two of these ideologies to combine to defeat the third and then later wage a struggle between themselves. But it becomes increasingly plainer that this pattern of events is being discarded in favor of a far more decisive struggle. The coming death-grapple will be waged between Christianity and atheism.

While atheism's military threat is becoming more alarming every day, the military angle as represented by Red Russia, its minions, and possible allies, is not the only threat which the Christian world faces. Atheism is steadily boring from within and this is particularly true in the United States. It wages an insidious campaign. In this campaign it does not reveal its ultimate purpose. It does not point its victims directly to atheism. It first seeks to make them less mindful of their obligations to religion. Then it seeks to make them irreligious; that is, destitute of any religion. From a disregard of God, it is not too far to a disbelief in God. Atheism's victims take these steps without realizing clearly that they are taking them. The descent into the abyss is

gradual and accompanied by a false sense of freedom. For it requires character and a denial of lust to follow the religious concept of life.

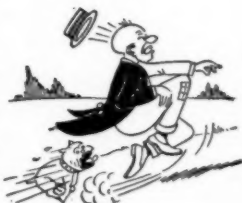
Many of atheism's gains are made through false ideas of the requirements of public education. American Catholics have long realized the dangers which ensue when training in living the religious principle is not a part of the education of the young. Recently many prominent non-Catholic clergymen have begun to voice a fear of these dangers. Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, a non-Catholic magazine, said recently in addressing a Methodist group in St. Louis: "An educational system which purports to reflect the major interests of its society and which excludes the study of religion is falling short of its own theory, and falling short at its most vital point... If inclusion of religion in public school curriculum cannot be worked out, I see for Protestantism only one conceivable alternative—a drastic one. I see nothing for the Protestant churches to do but to establish their own schools, somewhat on the model of the Roman Catholic parochial schools, and to withdraw their children from the public schools." Within the past few weeks other high-ranking non-Catholic churchmen have voiced similar opinions, all voicing their concern over the conditions which follow when the teaching of religion as a part of education is neglected.

While waiting for atheism's military threat to explode into action, it behooves all Christian Americans to look well to their home defenses. While this nation's unchurched and irreligious are not all atheists by any means, with many even persisting in calling themselves Christians regardless of their unchurched condition, they are much closer to atheism and its teachings than many of them realize. There is no half-way choice between God and Satan; and right now the forces of God need every possible ounce of strength as militant atheism begins its world-rampage.



Give and Take

THE GRAIL will pay five dollars for each letter published in this department. It is our "Open Forum" for our readers and all are invited to express their ideas, whether in conformity with or in divergence to those in the articles of The Grail. The letters must in some way comment on the articles in the magazine.



OUR LADY'S SHRINES

Dear Editor:

... There is yet another shrine of Our Lady, one in which the Catholics and devotees of Mary throughout the United States should take special interest, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

The corner stone of this National Shrine was laid on September 23, 1920, by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, and the Crypt of the shrine was opened during Holy Week of 1926.

Though the crypt of the shrine is indeed very beautiful, the greatest and undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the shrine remains uncompleted. Little has been done on the shrine since 1926. The entire shrine is estimated to cost around fifteen million dollars; up to the present \$1,500,000 has been spent.

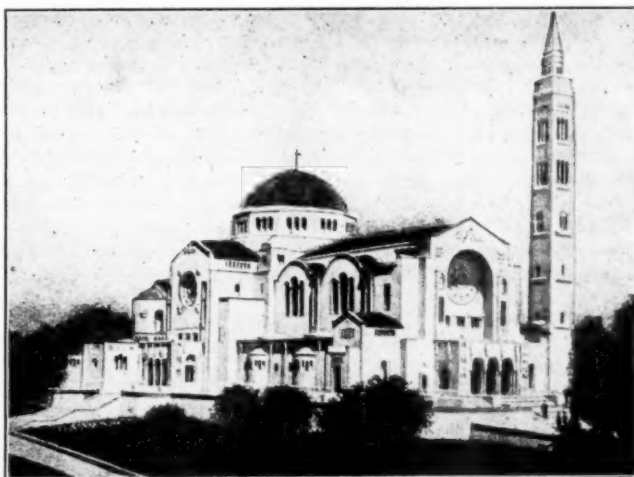
What is holding back the completion of this National Shrine? The answer to almost every Catholic endeavor, lack of funds.

It is true that the cost of the completed shrine will be very great, but ought we not to have some outstanding shrine in this country dedicated to Our Lady? In your October (1945) number of THE GRAIL you told us the story of numerous shrines in her honor throughout Europe. Did not Lourdes, Maria Einsiedeln, etc., cost dearly? Yet most of these shrines were built by the free will offerings of the devotees of Mary.

In 1954 we are to celebrate the

100th anniversary of the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Would it not be a grand tribute to Mary Immaculate, the patroness of our country, to complete her National Shrine by that year? What a grand objective for all the sodalities of Mary in this country. If they would band in a common effort to obtain donations for Our Lady's National Shrine, would they not have accomplished something very pleasing to her Immaculate Heart and to the Heart of her Divine Son?

In Our Lady's honor,
Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B.
Washington, D. C.



Dear Father Editor:

The January issue of your magazine is the first copy of THE GRAIL I have seen. I wish I had read the article about the shrines of Our Lady. If you did not mention the shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in the Ursuline Convent Chapel, New Orleans, Louisiana, I should like to say it is to Our Lady under the title of Prompt Succor. The beautiful statue of Our Lady with the holy Child in her arms was brought to New Orleans from France when the Ursulines came to this city to educate the daughters of the colonists. The statue is of hand carved wood covered with gold, and the face of Our Lady is particularly beautiful. Magnificent crowns rest on the heads of the mother and Child.

During the War of 1812 when the English threatened the city and declared that they were after "booty and beauty" the women and children took refuge in the historic old Ursuline Convent. With the nuns they prayed all night for the success of General Jackson and his gallant little army, and when word of victory came there was rejoicing indeed. At that time the nuns made a promise that if the city were spared they would conduct a public novena of thanksgiving each year ending on the day of victory. General Jackson and his staff called in person at the convent to thank

the nuns for the prayers that they knew had turned the tide of battle in their favor, and the Archbishop declared January 8, anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, as the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. The grateful citizens gave jewels and money and two beautiful crowns were made for the statues. In 1852, Pope Pius IX authorized the celebration of the feast, and in 1894, Pope Leo XIII issued a decree authorizing the "solemn coronation of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor exposed to public veneration in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans."

Each year a solemn novena is conducted at the Ursuline Chapel and concluded with a public procession

and solemn Benediction. Innumerable favors are granted by Our Lady, under the title of Prompt Succor, not only during her great novena but whenever her children pray to her with love and confidence.

In November, 1945, the Fiftieth anniversary of the Crowning of Our Lady of Prompt Succor was observed with a series of beautiful and fitting ceremonies at the convent.

If any of your readers would like to know more about this devotion or to obtain prayers and other literature they may do so by writing to the Ursuline Convent in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Sincerely in Our Lady
Frances Fitzwilliam
New Orleans, La.

OUR LADY IN HISTORY

In history books they call it the fall of Rome. The student with imagination visualizes a lightning-like crumbling of stone and civilization. Actually the fall was a deterioration. The germ of immorality had sapped the vitality of Roman civilization and with little struggle the barbarians swept in and took over.

But the Christians had weathered terrific martyrdom and not lost Faith. Where, then, were they? Well, they certainly were not those in power in Rome. Further, following the industry and simplicity of the Faith, many were pursuing a life of rural productivity.

And then came the Goth, the Hun, the Vandal! First to go were these simple folk with plowshares rather than swords. It seems unbelievable but the invasion of the barbarian so depopulated the then civilized world that "in the eighth and ninth centuries Italy was so bare of inhabitants that it was infested with wolves!"

Herein lies a remarkable gift, from the murdered Christians of the then-known civilized world to their murderers, the barbarians.

Seeking to treasure objects of worship and reverence, the Christians concealed their little statues in inaccessible places of the forests. They were not forgotten, but indeed their owners were no longer alive. The

statues became lost to knowledge.

Now, the Druids had some remarkable methods of worshipping. The oak was an especial object of veneration. Perhaps the reason for this was that the Druid chieftain, were he great enough, was buried in an oak. Its bark was removed, a great square opening cut into it, and the corpse of the Druid placed therein. With a piece of green wood the opening was closed. The bark was replaced. Lo, a living tomb, the oak continued alive! The warriors who so buried their chief gave veneration to his tomb. The oak itself took on a hallowed air.

Imagine, then, the effect upon Druid barbarians, when a great ball of fire would fall upon an oak and when, investigating, the barbarian discovered hidden therein a small Madonna, whitened with lichen and awaiting discovery!

A shrine would immediately be erected, and our Lady of the Oak would become a community object of veneration. There were innumerable instances of such miracles. Our Lady of the Flowering Thorns, for instance, was discovered when the thorns were found in bloom out of season and a wonderful light exuding from the place. The statue within the canopy formed by Nature, of flowers and light, was taken to the chapel of

a castle. But next day it had returned, of itself, to its solitary woody niche. A monastery was built there.

Ordinary wood would not remain preserved if buried under the ground or covered with moss. But the fugitive Madonnas so miraculously come to light sometimes had still their primitive coverings of color, and the wood or clay would be well preserved.

There is told the story of the miraculous Madonna hidden from the Islam at the time of Roderic. Spanish troops later camped nearby were guided to it by a long train of light that streaked through the night like a continuous trail of falling stars. The object of the arrow of light was the Madonna.

There is listed a feast day for Our Lady of Light near Lisbon in Portugal, February 27th. A light was seen for a long time shining in this place. No one could discover the cause of the phenomenon, when our Lady, appearing to a prisoner, promised him liberty on condition of his erecting a church in her honor at this place.

There is another, our Lady of Light in India. A light guided missionaries from the coast to the interior where the mission was established at the point of the light's mysterious disappearance.

April 28th is a feast day for Our Lady of the Oak near the town of Sable, in Anjou, honoring an image that was famous for miracles. A church and house of reception for pilgrims were built there by Marshal de Bois-Dauphin.

An oak figures in the feast of October 12th in Liege. In 1609 a carpenter cut down an oak and found enclosed within it and inside an iron grating, an image of Our Lady made of white clay a foot high. He placed the image in another oak and afterwards in a church built on the spot where the original oak had been cut.

A well-known Madonna of the Oak was discovered by the lord of Bouchet in Berry. Looking for his hawk in the woods, he found the bird perched on a "sacred oak" as though the hawk were trying to entice his master to something there.

A diffusing light, like lace, roofed a graceful statue of our Lady. Ivy had twined itself in the figure of a gothic frame. And the statue itself stood

on a tiny island of short grass, so short as to appear regularly clipped, in the middle of a small lake of mirror-like water. The oak and its sheltered Lady became the object of so many pilgrimages that after an embankment had been run out to it, it was surrounded by a religious edifice. Richly adorned by the offerings of pilgrimages, the image was stolen during the civil wars. Count de Maur made another of the wood of the oak which so long had sheltered it: "I am not the rose, but I have lived near it."

The trunk of a fallen oak was used by travelers for alms. So revered was the alms-tree before a shrine of our Lady, that no one but a poor person would think of taking a cent from them. Unobserved and at night, the needy fared forth and took enough for another day's sustenance.

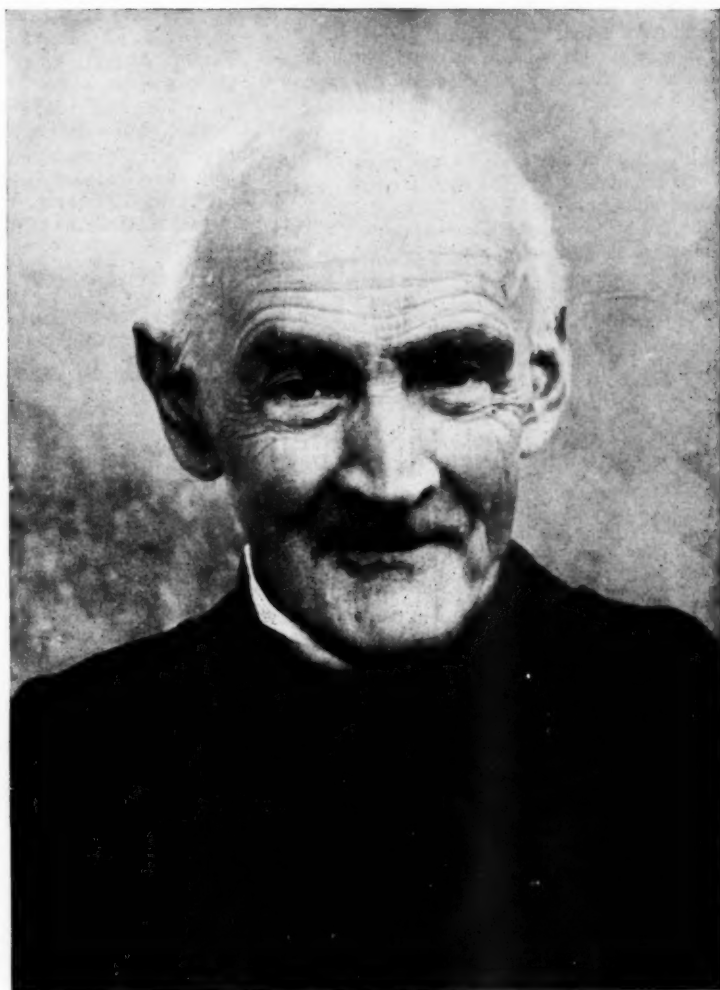
Shrines to our Virgin Mother are so numerous that there are special feasts to her every day in the year and more left over.

Would you like to read some of the extraordinary feasts of our Lady? They are all in "Catholic Gems, or Treasures of the Church," by John Gilmary Shea and two other priests.

February 9th, the Octave of the Purification of our Lady, instituted in the Cathedral of Saintes, on account of the bells ringing sweetly of themselves. The sacristans ran to the church, saw unknown men holding lighted tapers and melodiously chanting hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin who is honored in this church under the title of our Lady of Miracles. Approaching softly, the sacristans besought one of the last of the august company to give them his taper, in proof of the miracle. The taper is preserved in that church.

February 8th marks a feast day for our Lady of the Lily near Melun. There are not many details about this feast, only that this is celebrated in an abbey of Cistercian nuns founded by Queen Blanche, mother of the King St. Louis.

March 29th is the feast of the apparition of our Lady to St. Bonet, Bishop of Clermont, in Auvergne. At night when he had remained in the church to pray, our Lady appeared ordering him to say Mass. He leaned as though to hide himself against a



Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.

The process of canonization will be fully explained in the June and July issues of THE GRAIL with pictures showing the ceremonies at the exhumation of the body of the Servant of God. Pictures the size of the one on this page, printed on stiff paper suitable for framing may be obtained from THE GRAIL. Send ten cents to cover printing and postage.

pillar. The stone pillar receded from him, becoming soft and making place for him, the outline of which may still be seen. After he finally said the Mass, the Blessed Virgin left him the chasuble which had been brought by angels for the celebration of the Mass. The chasuble has always been carefully preserved.

April 2nd celebrates the feast of our Lady the Great at Poitiers. In

our Lady's hands, after the danger was over, were found the keys to the city. The servant of the mayor had promised the enemy to betray the city but had searched in vain for the keys, miraculously transported into the hands of the statue.

May 6th, our Lady of Miracles is honored in the Church of our Lady of Peace at Rome. In the year 1483, a man crazed by the loss of his fortune

at gaming, blasphemed this picture and gave it four stabs with a dagger. The picture bled so copiously that at once the entire city was aroused. The picture was preserved at the high altar of this church.

But these stories could be multiplied into infinity, as our Lady's universal love binds universal Faith. Actually, the history of the Church and the miracles that attest to our Lady's always being with us, are so numerous that one wonders why "fairy stories" and mystery yarns are fed our juvenile readers, rather than these fascinating true stories. The "Gems" from

which these stories have been gleaned looks as outmoded as McGuffey's Readers. Perhaps that is what is wrong with our present adults. No longer have they been educated in the mysterious truths of our times and religious history of the world. No one calls the Bible outmoded. How is it that the New Testament, the song and story of Catholicism in the making, should be unknown? Why are children's shelves so devoid of pages about the Prince of Peace, but so full of the Wizard of Whosis or the Fairy of the Floosies?

Arnold White Indianapolis, Indiana

such reputable publications as *The Saturday Evening Post*, causes me to doubt very seriously if in fact many American negroes are given the opportunity to lift themselves by their bootstraps, or in any other way...

Catholics who believe in the doctrine of the Mystical Body will see in the Negro and in those of mixed race, not a "problem," not a threat to "racial integrity," but a beloved brother in Christ, to be treated in all things as Christ Himself would treat him.

Kathleen Marson.
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

MORE ON THE RACIAL QUESTION

Dear Editor:

I have read with interest the recent correspondence on the "Negro problem." I quite agree with the writer who says that there is no "Negro problem." The real problem is to induce white people to treat their colored brethren in a Christian manner.

It seems to me that M. S.'s idea that human beings should be carefully bred to preserve racial integrity smacks most unpleasantly of nazism. The methods of the stud-farm, however successful with the lower animals, are not suitable for immortal souls. The careful selection and controlled mating of thoroughbred stock is designed to produce certain definite physical characteristics, which will render these animals more useful to man. The "more desirable characteristics" mentioned by M.S. are, in animals, purely physical—but in human beings, the more desirable characteristics are the moral qualities, which are not produced by "careful selection and controlled mating," but by human free-will co-operating with the grace of God.

The different characteristics of the various races are due to the influence of climate and environment over a long period of time. But is it not a fact that fundamentally human nature is the same, wherever it is found? The White man and the

Negro, the Indian and the Oriental, all experience the same fundamental joys and sorrows, though they express their ideas and feelings in differing forms.

M. S. says "each color ... represents a divinely ordained specialization in God's Creation, which we are bound to accept and respect." I should like to know what Commandment, of God or of His Church, obliges us to accept and respect this "divinely ordained specialization." On the contrary, we are told in the inspired Word of God, "Before God there is neither Jew nor Gentile—" This idea of "divinely ordained specialization" seems to me to be a form of racial prejudice, rationalized as a new sort of Christian eugenics.

As for the Brazilian question—if in fact this country has no color problem, she is deserving of great credit. But to blame inter-racial marriages for producing a "backward" race is exceedingly rash—if indeed Brazilians as a race are backward (which remains to be proved!) it is probably due to the enervating influence of a tropical climate...

Speaking of the colored man, M. S. says, "If he has the will he can lift himself by his bootstraps." I cannot speak with first-hand knowledge of conditions in the U. S., but my reading of articles on the negro question in Catholic papers and in

Dear Reverend Editor:

Knowing your sincere desire and willingness to lend a hand to the disastrous so-called Race problem, I wish to comment on what I consider an unequalled incident in the history of any race.

I refer to a May night in the year 1921, when a lynching-bound mob entered "Little Africa," in Tulsa, Oklahoma. A riot ensued, and a resulting blaze completely demolished a Negro church. The \$92,000 Mount Zion Negro Baptist Church, burned to the ground only 30 days after completion—leaving a \$50,000 mortgage unpaid.

Did the church members accept bankruptcy as they might easily have done? ... No! They built a little "tabernacle" as a place of reverence, and began the long and difficult job of repaying the huge mortgage. In 1942—twenty-one years after the disaster, the last \$100 was paid and another task of raising funds to rebuild their church was begun.

How many of us would have struggled twenty-one years to repay a debt that we could have avoided merely by filing a bankruptcy claim? This is one example of achievement won through honesty and integrity by a race seeking to gain its guaranteed rights and privileges.

Al Mulholland
Jackson, Michigan.

The Praying Coach

OUR NEW Basketball Coach made a good impression—at first. I am speaking from the standpoint of character. It took time to prove his ability as a coach, which he did later on to the satisfaction of all. He conducted himself like a Christian gentleman and went to Mass and Communion frequently.

But soon we began to have our misgivings. He stayed out late at night, often lost his temper, expressed worldly ideas, and tried to force his policies upon the school. He did nothing evil in particular, nothing that would justify dismissal. But the faculty began to wonder and to distrust him. He began to look like a slicker, a good talker and a bad actor.

Coach Harry loved trips. He believed in holding out something for the boys to look forward to. A good psychologist, he talked trips all season, and the team worked like trojans to earn them.

As Athletic Director I came into close touch with him and still could not figure him out. He was an enigma. Was he a hypocrite hiding secret vices? Was he a bad in-

fluence upon the boys and clever enough to cover it up? No question about it, he was becoming increasingly popular with the boys. They talked with him a great deal and quoted him constantly.

His efforts with the team soon began to show results; the boys were winning game after game. He worked hard and made the players work hard too. Heart and soul in his coaching, he instilled his own ambitions into the team. When a player caught his fire he polished him until he became a star performer, an artist with form.

His victories now began to get publicity in the papers. That was another pet theory of his—lots of publicity; it maintained interest and enthusiasm. Publicity meant free advertising for the school, something that the Principal was very much aware of. Principal and Coach smiled at each other in mutual understanding over that advantage.

The team worked its way to the State Tournament and won the championship. The next year it was invited to the National Contest. This was a big affair. Thirty-two

crack teams from all over the country were participating.

It was during this tournament that the point of the story comes in. In the hotel where the team was staying, Coach Harry and I occupied the same room. One night he came in late. Knowing some of the coaches personally, he was probably out to party or holding a con-fab with them. He loved to talk. When he came in I was just dozing off to sleep. Before he jumped into bed, he knelt down, supposedly unobserved, and said his night prayer. Yes, he knelt down and prayed quite long. Well, this act then and there settled my doubts about his character; distrust gave way to complete confidence. For a man who prays cannot be bad. I thought of the saying of St. Alphonsus: "A man cannot keep on praying and sinning at the same time." That night-prayer was the solution to the puzzle. That act of the praying coach also opened my eyes to the fact that prayer had something to do with the success of his teams, perhaps a great deal, for we came within a basket of winning the National Tournament that year.

Marion Kinsdale

THIS issue of THE GRAIL contains more than a little alarming reading. It is not our intention to convert our magazine into a regular calamity-howler, but the great preponderance of articles being submitted at the present time are concerned with the uncertain state of affairs at home and abroad. To give our readers a chance to study a cross-section of these views for themselves and to have a printed record of the critical days of 1946 we are here printing some of the best. (See "Militant Atheism" by H. C. McGinnis, "The Missing Indictment" by Harold Gluck, "The Prophet of Progress Turns Pessimist" by Liam Brophy, and "While Rome Burns" by Helen Williams). Among Catholic writers we have found none, and among secular journalists very few, who see no reason to be worried about the turn in world events. The only hope held out for a stricken world is a spiritual regeneration, a return to moral principles, but especially a return to FAITH. That is the burden of the Holy Father's comments. Men generally have lost their belief in the supernatural and have begun to weigh all things in terms of hours, dollars, armies, houses, and points. There seems very little indication that Russia, England, America, or any other power is willing to turn to God for divine guidance. The UNO, undertaken with good intent, has proven a Godless organization and is therefore doomed to failure. We are told not to rock the boat, not to jeopardize the chances for success by disparaging talk. But if it is so frail that a whisper or even a shout can blow it over, it is destined for the same junk heap as the League of Nations. If the UNO had turned to God and given the Holy Father a place at its head, had opened its sessions with a Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, (of course, we are being hopelessly idealistic,) it would have inspired the whole world with hope and there would be world unity except for Godless Russia. God is a jealous God, and until He gets His place in this world of HIS, the hopes for lasting peace are non-existent.

A very important criminal
has been left out of the
legal picture.

The Missing Indictment

Harold Gluck, Ph.D.

BACK in the 1930's, when the world seemed relatively peaceful, though we were actually sitting on top of a moral volcano, the teaching of history to my young students was rather simple. Especially when it concerned the differences between barbarians and civilized people. Barbarians belonged to Chapter 2, pages 35 to 49, and when we talked about them, one could easily understand that the average student could hardly grasp the fact that such people once did exist. "Barbarians did not admit a higher law to which they were subject. They made their own laws to fit their pleasure," said one of my students. "Barbarians were very cruel," added another student.

There was one tale which was always guaranteed to make my young students shudder and be thankful that they lived in a civilized age. It was the story about the cruel barbarian ruler, who having vanquished the other country, took a terrible measure of punishment for the defeated army. The eyes of every 99 soldiers were burned out and the hundredth soldier had one eye left so he could guide the blind back home. How grateful the students were that they could turn to chapter 9, pages 165 to 180 and study all about the attributes of civilized people.

In the years that have passed since I taught that lesson the world has become much sadder, though I know not yet whether it has become any wiser. It must have been a terrible shock to my students, now grown to adulthood to find barbarians living

in the twentieth century and things taking place which would even shock the people who lived in Chapter 2, pages 35 to 49. Tell me not that you find it hard to stomach the pictures that show corpses, that were once human beings, in a common grave, burned to death, but not before their gold fillings had been removed from their teeth. Their crime? I will not degrade myself and say that it was because some of them were German Jews and others were Catholic Poles. That was no crime. The crime was not theirs in any sense of the word or by any wide stretch of the imagination. The crime was that the decent people of the world could not organize and see that the spirit of the barbarian still roamed the world, ready to rear its ugly head and sink its fangs into human flesh. We somehow forgot that it has been and still is, and always will be one of the missions of the Catholic Church on this earth to tame and subdue the animal nature of man and keep the spiritual side in the ascendancy.

What plans are we making today so that on the morrow we may be certain that we will not again be treated to such a spectacle of sadistic blood-letting that the very earth itself must have trembled at the baseness to which some men could descend? I have been quite busy reading the list of the leading war criminals and lesser satellites; studying the charges made against them; analyzing the testimony and admissions; and weighing carefully the verdict of the legal authorities in charge of such trials. With the peoples and the charges I have no quarrel. But I do object to a very serious omission, an indictment that is missing. A very important criminal has been left out of the legal

picture, namely, a false Philosophy that has permitted mankind to stand on the abyss of barbarism while men's souls and minds and hearts were poisoned by words and ideas.

Herèin I publicly brand that which the Catholic Church has for years tried to tell a world, in which part of the people turned deaf ears—That Materialism must tend to corrupt mankind by its very nature—and the missing indictment should name that Philosophy as a major criminal. That philosophy has various names, shades, and aliases. Some call it Materialism; others call it Modernism; there are those who label it Progress; and some even catalogue it as Human Evolution. Whatever disguise it may wear or whatever words it may use to convey its thoughts, this is what it preaches: That man is his own standard, his own measure; he has created this world and can change it; that the concept of the soul is a medieval fantasy; God as a living God belongs to the fairy tale; and that what works is right and what doesn't work is wrong.

Though it is more than two decades since Father P. LeBuffe penned his biting and penetrating words, how apt they are today, "There is no doctrine working more harm in the world today than the doctrine of human evolution. Try to prove to the youth who have passed through our non-Catholic schools and universities the existence of a law of God founded on our very nature and known by reason, the existence of an absolute, objective standard of morality, of a spiritual, immortal soul, yes, the existence of God Himself. What happens? Rebellion at once."

When Youth has been raised on Materialism, can there be any wonder why it should not be

drunk with its own power? There are those who refuse to believe the atrocities that have been committed in concentration camps. Not because they doubted the evidence, clear as it was, but because they felt that human nature could not descend so low. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen has ably counseled, "Never forget that there are two philosophies to rule your life: The one of the Cross, which starts with the fast and ends with the feast; the other of Satan, which ends with the headache." When mankind refuses to accept the rule of God, it is capable of descending to the lowest rung on the ladder of life. And those who try to judge such actions fail utterly unless they see that there is a conflict of Good and Evil in this mundane world. And evil begins when you set up man-made gods, man-made standards of conduct. In contradistinction, the Catholic Church has always taught the divinity of Christ and has indeed made this truth the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. It has insisted on man, a creature of God, endowed with rights by his maker, *as well as obligations which he must fulfill.*

Peace and Decency in this World are not a Utopian Dream. But to have them, we must face the issue. Materialism must be indicted, tried once and for all as a major criminal, and then in light of the evidence be banished from ever again poisoning the minds and souls and hearts of mankind. God's law must from henceforth rule the world. Put it in a bill of rights if you so desire, as has been well stated by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Administrative Board of the National Welfare Conference when they said, "In all history, and particularly in modern history, dangers to world peace have come from the unjust treatment of minorities,

The White Paper

Irving Hoffman quotes this true story written by Sylvia Vaughn: "One summer evening my father caught me tearing down the street after another child, screaming: 'Wop! Dirty Wop!' He took me into the house, sat me down at a desk and gave me a sheet of paper. 'Now, I want you to write down every way in which you are different or better than that little Italian girl.'

"Dinnertime rolled around, and my paper was still blank. I took it slowly to my father. He smiled. 'That's a good paper. Now, until you can create a wonderful human soul, as God can, don't presume to criticise anyone because God chose to have him born a member of any one of His nations or races. Remember this paper.' And I always have."

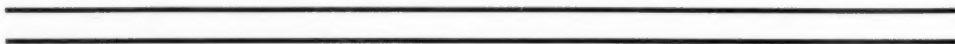
the denial of civil and religious liberties and other infringements on the inborn rights of men. To remove these dangers, the nations should adopt an International Bill of Rights, in which men and groups everywhere would be guaranteed the full enjoyment of their human rights."

Let us be alert. The fact that our arms have conquered on the battlefield and won the military victory does not mean we by consequence have won the lasting victory. That can only be achieved when mankind follows the one and only correct philosophy of life. And even then, we must be constantly on guard that Materialism in any of its various disguises does not try again to win the world. You may be consoled by the thought that Fascism and Nazism are practically gone and the evil in them has been well exposed to those who have ears to listen and eyes with which to read. But how about that other phase of Materialism, known as Marxian totalitarianism? It still herds its masses under dictatorial leadership, insults their intelligence with control of the press and other media of thought expression, and still violates innate human rights. Lincoln was correct when he mentioned that a nation could not exist part free and part slave. In the larger sense, it still applies; a world can not exist part free and part slave. Those free in the

light of the correct moral life and philosophy will have to come into conflict with those slaves in the darkness of materialism and paganism. It has come before and will come again, unless we eradicate the philosophy of error that has brought the bestial nature of man to the forefront. In France, the French Hierarchy, during those terrible bloody days when things called men, but more properly denominated as barbarians were in control, protested against the persecutions of the Jews by the Nazis and met the issue clearly, "There is a Christian morality and there is a human morality and they impose duties and recognize rights. These duties and rights are inherent in the nature of man; they come from God. They can not be violated." And there you have the situation, on the one hand a philosophy based on rights coming from God and on the other hand a philosophy denying it, and hence clash is inevitable. For when man ceases to believe in God, he also ceases to believe in Man! When he loses his faith in God, he tends to become selfish, immoral and cruel. We have seen it before and unless we are completely on guard at all times, we shall see it again that as religion decreases, tyranny increases. Yes, Materialism must go and the missing indictment against it must be produced.



Liam Brophy in Ireland turns a critical eye on America, and what he sees is not flattering. He finds H. G. Wells, the vaunted prophet of progress, admitting that Americans are indeed progressing, but whither?



WELL WELLS!

The Prophet of Progress Turns Pessimist

Liam Brophy



"**Y**OU damned fools. I told you so," was the epitaph which H. G. Wells once proposed for his tombstone. He has been telling us damned fools for half a century and now, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, he fulminates against us because our obdurate hearts would not heed him. He had set himself up to be a John the Baptist of a New Age of Peace, Progress and endless Perfectibility; now his latest book, *Mind at the End of its Tether*, shows him as a lamentable Jeremias bewailing a stiff-necked generation. "The end of everything we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded," is a typical passage from this Domsday Book. The prophet of Progress is turned pessimist. He had thought to drive Original Sin out of *Homo Sapiens* with the pitchfork of scientific Utopianism and it retaliated with Belsen and the atomic bomb. World War II has blown away all his castles in Utopia through that very science in which he placed such hopes. Catholics are not surprised, except at Mr. Wells's surprise. The Catholic Church, which Mr. Wells so despises, knew that an accumulation of ruin would follow the revolt from her authority, and it is rather she who ought to turn to Wells and the other false prophets of our day and say, "I told you so."

The sight of this prophet turned petulantly pessimistic in his old age prompts us to examine this modern heresy of Progress and Perfection in which he placed such hopes.

The whole modern theory of progress is but one of the many heresies hatched out of the Reformation. It is one of the many aspects of secularization which followed that revolt. It took the Christian faith in the world-to-come as the final end of human endeavor, and adapted it to this world

as a belief in moral perfectibility and the indefinite progress of the human race. What is commonly labelled as progress is really adaptation. We refer to progress in Science, Transport, Medicine, Engineering, and so forth. But these are developments in the conveniences of life, but not in life itself. *The idea of progress is essentially spiritual*, and the failure to recognize that fact lies at the root of our modern heresies.

The very notion of progress from the Christian point of view involved a belief in an end. When that notion was applied to the material order it suffered strange contradictions, for it has come to mean "going places," without any particular curiosity about the destination. Huizinga wisely remarked in his book *In the Shade of Tomorrow*, apropos of William James's remark "Progress is a terrible thing," that it is more than that; it is also a highly ambiguous notion. "For who knows but that a little further on the way a bridge may have collapsed or a crevice split the earth?"

America provides the best and most obvious test-case of the heresy of progress. It was very unfortunate for the U. S. spiritually that her founders were impregnated with the eighteenth century notions of progress and prosperity, made all the more dogmatic by Puritanism. The U. S. did not outgrow the shallow optimism that confused *bigger* with *better*. It never forsook the naive thought that every new discovery and invention implies a higher value or a greater happiness. Instead of an individual civilization developing in the U. S., there came about, in the telling phrase of Keyserling, "a monstrous inflation of certain eighteenth-century conceptions in the empty space of an uninhabited continent with its incalculable resources. There is

not one single specifically North-American idea which is not a daughter of Rousseau's, and a very old-maidenish daughter at that; this daughter has brought no children into the world, yet she refuses to die" (*Problems of Personal Life*). Hence the mysticism of success and guileless optimism which not even slumps and wars can eradicate from the American mind. Hence also that appalling lack of inner life which, seen from the European perspective at least, seems the most amazing thing about the U.S.A. For, as all civilizations are based on culture, America looks like a vast *ersatz* Utopia without a base like those Western Islands that the sailors of antiquity saw hanging above the horizon of the Atlantic. And the tragedy behind all this is that so many in the U. S. do not even seem to feel the lack of a spiritual life. The masses are too pepped up with progress to take any interest in the things of the spirit. Going places leaves them no time "to stand and stare," no time for meditation or prayer, no time to live.

A strange reversion of values has taken place in the U.S.A. Once the idea of progress was misappropriated from Christian theology and applied to the material world. Now it is taken from its accepted place in the material world and applied to religion. Outside Catholicism Christianity has been converted into a vast Social Service to cater for all the needs of the body. As André Siegfried wrote in his *America Comes of Age*, even the concept of Christ Himself has had to be adapted to fit the progressive outlook in the U.S. "The American Christ is not the sentimental mystic of tradition, nor yet an apostle of non-resistance as in Russia, nor, perish the thought, a revolutionary. He is a leader, a sort of superman. For some time it has been common to represent Him as a perfect type of the useful citizen, an efficient producer, almost as a successful and honest business-man. Some even look on Him as a booster, an amazing transformation compared with the old Protestant dogma."

But America is still a young nation, and youth tends to revel in bodily strength and swiftness. The philosophic mind comes with years. Whether the America of the future will adhere to the gospel of progress or return to the God-standard none can predict. We can foretell, however, if progress is not put into harness with moral power in the U.S. it will drag that vast nation to destruction. The Gadarene swine made rapid progress up to a point. America may be on the pig's back, but

what if the pig is charging, devil-possessed, to the abyss?

Mr. H. G. Wells had great expectations of America, and he announced them, salted with much criticism, in his *New America* and *The New World*. But now not even that land of scientific progress can afford him solace. The New World and the Old neglected his counsels. He wrote attractively and it looked as if the world had come to Wells, but he would not make it drink of the wisdom thereof. Hence all our wars and woes. The mind of Mr. Wells is at the end of its tether and can only keep turning round and round within the circumference of its own Utopian theories.

The pivot around which Mr. Wells's mind revolves was the idea of progress, and now in an embittered old age he calls that progress "*an untrustworthy sequence*." The minds of false prophets have been tethered to many pivots since the world ceased to be Christocentric, but progress has proved to be the least trustworthy of them all. "A frightful queerness has come into my life," says Wells, "even quite unobservant people are betraying by fits and starts a certain wonder, a shrinking and fugitive sense that something is happening so that life will never be quite the same again." *Sed nondum est finis*. The Church, which has heard the cry of "Wolf" so often, knows that the end is not yet. While she sorrows over what her Pontiff calls the modern "harvest of misery" she is not surprised. She has never believed in the perfectibility of the human character *en masse*, and she most certainly never believed that perfection was to be achieved simply by changing man's environment. Progress and perfection, as she understands them, begin within the soul of every man under the action of Divine Grace. Wells is not the first modern prophet of progress to turn pessimist. He is rollickingly cheerful compared with Bertrand Russell. But his voice carried furthest among the mediocre-minded who must by now be plunged in despair at the grim outlook he forecasts for *homo sapiens*. In the meanwhile the angels and the Church keep their ancient places. We may even gain a ray of hope from the Wellsian fear that "life will never be quite the same again." Even quite unobservant people are beginning to discern the signs of the times, and the wisest among them are coming to regard life more as a pilgrimage towards a state of perfection hereafter than as a playground in a scientific Utopia.

HAVE you ever stopped to analyze the feeling that sits deep down inside of you when you return to your home after a vacation period?

Well, I have, and I have found that the feeling is one of complete emptiness. There is an overwhelming void in every room, as though it were waiting to sweep us into its hold, too. An emptiness that speaks of stale, close air that is waiting to be released of its bondage, so that it may live again. An emptiness that speaks of long drawn-out hours that have waited for our return. And, in waiting, it has found that the usual length of an hour was no more. That the length of the hour became elongated, instead, to the degree that it appeared as though the inhabitants of that home might never return.

But now that we have returned, that emptiness holds its breath in poignant expectation. For eagerly it awaits the happy renewal of life within that home. Yes, in our absence all life had been dead in that home, much as though no life ever had been in it before.

You must live in a home, you know, so as to make it breathe, so as to make it palpitate with the

that once inside that home the full chill will be dispelled completely.

With the threshold crossed, a new life begins to take shape indoors, a new, full life that knows how to live with its people inside and knows how to share the moments of happiness that will be theirs. There is gayety and laughter in the voices that inhabit a home during the holiday season. And that gayety and laughter impregnate the very walls of the home, making it glad to be a part of it.

And have you noted how a home weeps when Death enters it? The very walls of that home cry for the sorrow that has befallen it. It is only when it has cried its full, along with the inhabitants, that it can resume its life.

A home has its share, too, in the expectations its inhabitants await. Breathlessly, it waits for the happy moments even as its inhabitants wait for them.

Especially eventful is the expectation that waits for the new-born babe that is ready to be taken home for the first time. With the mother away from the home, a stillness had come over it, one that became pregnant with anxiety and pregnant with the keen sense of the wonderful things that

MAKING A HOME BREATHE

Louise Parnell

vital nerve centers of living. No sooner do we resume our normal course of living, than we feel our home vibrate with the sense of oneness that assimilates it with our very selves, giving our home an equitable share in the things that are ours and a vital part in the things which we are doing.

If any doubt lies in our minds about this oneness of a home with us, let us enter a home during the festive holiday season. No sooner are we on its threshold than the keen awareness of festivity in that home greets us. And is it solely because of the inhabitants that this feeling prevails? No, it cannot be, for we, still on the threshold, have yet to meet the inhabitants of the home. It is the threshold, alone, that has greeted us thus far. In greeting us, we look about and note the gay holiday regalia it is wearing. A bit of the forest, perhaps, in its spruce, and holly, and berries, and other pungent pines.

Or there may be the glimmer of gay lights at the window that not only signify a welcome to the guest but also signify the radiant warmth that home holds for the guest once he is indoors. There is the warm tug of the rug at one's feet on the threshold, the tug that removes the temporary chill from the guest and the tug that gives the assurance

are to come. For only too well does a home foresee the countless joys that become a part of it once a child enters its sacred walls. And once the child enters, the expectations of the home have been fulfilled. Joyful expectations for which the home has not waited in vain.

A home finds great delight even in the wails of an infant. And as that infant grows to childhood, the home looks on, happily watching each step of its growth. And, watching, it cuddles the memories close to its heart. For it knows that when that child will have grown into manhood, his affection for his home will grow with sweeping pride. And the home knows, too, that when the years will have ripened to full maturity that it will be dearer than ever it has been before to that child. For:

"This is the home that has seen my childhood," he will say.

In those words will be wrapped the memories of years. Memories that have grown richer in their passage and richer because of home.

Yes, home not only assumes the personality of its inhabitants. A home becomes one with its inhabitants. For even as we are living in it, it is living with us. And even as we are breathing in it, it is breathing with us.



Rosemary Weglege

Rare Disease Yields to Prayer

Rose Ferron Invoked in Strange Malady

Anne Tansey

Since this article was written there has been considerable improvement in Rosemary Weglege's condition. She can now use her hands, move her feet and toes, and is able to chew her food. She can lift her head as much as eight inches from the pillow. The cure, if complete, will be officially announced by the attending physician—a non-Catholic—who ascribes it to no medical treatment. Those interested in knowing more about Rose Ferron may place their order for "She Wears a Crown of Thorns" (\$2.50) either with THE GRAIL or with the Reverend O. A. Boyer, Villa Pauline, Mendham, New Jersey. The third edition will be ready in July. The other printings have been exhausted.

DURING the joyful bustling of the Christmas season there was one home in which only gloom hung like a pall. There was no Christmas spirit. There was no tree or happiness, for the young daughter of the house, 23 year-old Rosemary Weglege, was lying as she had lain for three and a half years, slowly turning to stone. The doctor had finally given up all hope for her. "She will never see another Christmas," was his verdict.

A newspaper reporter from one of the Cincinnati papers heard of Rosemary's plight and of the strange malady with which she was afflicted and paid a visit to her home on Hillside Avenue. She was told that the girl was turning to stone, that the doctors had been unable to diagnose the case and that the disease had been making its inroads until now the girl was like a virtual marble statue without the slightest movement in her body. The reporter wrote up Rosemary's story.

For the want of a better name the doctors termed the malady "dermatomyositis." They had no idea as to what caused the disease. The work she had been doing, prior to being stricken, had necessitated the spending of long hours in a cool chamber with a temperature of 54 degrees. That may have brought on the illness, or it may have contributed to it. Her mother attributed it to an infected cut on her daughter's finger. At any rate the disease began in the girl's legs. There was considerable pain, then a gradual stiffening. Soon she found it

difficult to walk. After a short time she could not walk at all. The disease crept slowly but continuously up her body until she became bedfast and was unable to move even one muscle in her body. Only her mind, eyes and vital organs functioned.

Such a condition was stark tragedy for a fun-loving young girl of such tender years, especially as she had always delighted in outdoor sports. She had enjoyed hiking and bicycling. In 1940 with the Ohio River frozen Rosemary walked across it and back on a dare.

"Just to be able to get up again and walk outdoors is all I ask," the girl told callers who came to her bedside after reading of her plight. While her face is expressionless due to the disease there is plenty of expression in her flashing black eyes. They take in all the happenings in her room. A good many things happened after people heard of the girl's tragedy. Prior to the publicity the girl's life had been very lonely. She complained sadly, "If more of the girls would drop around like they did when I first took sick I would feel better," she said. "I know they are all busy, but I get so lonesome."

No one, who had not suffered years of illness, kept bedfast by illness, could begin to know how frightfully lonely one becomes. At first when illness strikes, friends are attentive, but soon they fall by the wayside, involved as they are by their own activities and good times. Weeks and months pass

by and the invalid feels that she has been totally abandoned by all the world. It is hard to lie confined and watch out the window as friends and neighbors go about having wonderful times.

Rosemary Weglege learned the bitterness of all this during the three and a half years of invalidism. All she could do to pass the time was to listen to the radio. Occasionally her mother found time to read to her. She could not read herself as she could not hold a book or turn the pages. Marble-like she had to keep whatever position she was placed in by her mother. Seventeen-year-old Billy, her young brother (who terms himself her second nurse) did his best to amuse her and bring in accounts of the doings of her friends and the outdoors.

With the newspaper accounts of Rosemary's illness her isolation ended and friendlessness vanished. Christmas cards, gifts of all kinds, cards, telegrams, and letters poured in on her from warm-hearted people. The General Electric Supply Company sent her their 1946 radio which had been intended for a model. They thought it would give Rosemary far more pleasure than the older one she had. Among other gifts were beautiful nightgowns, dolls, a pair of lovebirds, flowers and candies. Letters and cards arrived at the rate of 150 to 200 a day until in all 2000 messages were received. They came from San Francisco, Canada, Texas, New York, and from far off Guam. "The Navy News," Guam edition, was sent her by sympathetic sailors far from home who read of her illness in the newspapers sent out to them by their relatives.

In tune with the revived Christmas spirit a small tree was set up in Rosemary's room. Brother Billy fixed the lights, set the star in place and decorated it as lavishly as ingenuity would permit. Friends and relatives dropped in. People the Wegleges never knew before came to visit and to cheer the invalid as well as to encourage the mother who had taken care of the sick girl for such a long time. In all it was the happiest and most wonderful Christmas Rosemary had ever spent.

Among the callers were specialists anxious to study the strange case in hopes of a possible cure. A group of dermatological specialists from Cincinnati's General Hospital examined the girl and held consultations. They considered the advisability of removing her to the Hospital for treatment. They advanced the theory that Rosemary might be suffering from cutaneous calcinosis. This disease is considered "phenomonal" by the medical profession. It is characterized by an excess of calcium in the skin, bones, or muscles and is believed due to a

disturbance in the metabolism. The cause for it has never been found. The most assuring factor in their visit was that they did not consider the girl in immediate danger of death. The assurance was warmly welcomed.

Both the girl and her family became hopeful again. Rosemary had never lost her fighting spirit. Arrangements to move her to the hospital after Christmas met with failure due to the inclement weather, so that plan was abandoned temporarily.

While many well wishers showered Rosemary with gifts and messages, others in large numbers remembered her with prayer. The Wegleges are Catholics. Rosemary attended St. Vincent de Paul School. Protestant churches and ministers offered prayers for her as well as did the Catholic Churches. Children from the seventh grade in St. Vincent de Paul came to sing for Rosemary, as did children from God's Bible School.

However there are many persons who believe that it was the invoking of Little Rose Ferron that brought about the miraculous improvement which has taken place in the girl's condition since Christmas. Mrs. Fred Hilmering,* who is a promoter in the cause of Little Rose and who has the most implicit faith in her, sent relics of Little Rose and Father Boyer's book of the young mystic, *She Wears a Crown of Thorns*. The relics were placed on the girl's body and the novena prayers were begun by both the girl and her family, including her aunt who is a nun. When the stone girl received the book of Little Rose she exclaimed, "Oh Little Rose, I heard so much about you but I never had a chance to see you in print or read about you."

It was from that time on that improvement, the first in three and a half years, was noticed. After several weeks of prayer Mrs. Weglege has announced that her daughter is doing wonderfully, that there is a tingling in her fingers, she can move her head from side to side and the neck and chest are beginning to soften. When the doctor, who had attended the girl during the three and a half years of stone bondage, saw the improvements which he had never expected to see, he broke down and cried, saying, "What you see is a miracle. I take no credit for it."

In addition to the continued novena for the girl's recovery new treatments of an electrical nature are being administered several times a week by a doctor who wishes to remain anonymous. Rosemary submits to the treatments but she is positive in her own mind that it is her namesake, Little Rose, who is helping her to recover.

* See THE GRAIL, February, 1946, p. 56.

WHILE ROME

FROM a war which was the costliest we have ever known, we have emerged, as usual, the world's greatest military and industrial power, with not only the strength, but the moral right to dictate the terms of peace and thus insure (as much as it is possible to insure!) an era of placid progress for the world. We went into the war as knights in shining armor, to liberate the oppressed and stop the aggressive march of the dictators, who threatened the little people of the globe. We rushed blindly into a hastily built and tragically imperfect world organization aimed at providing a police to patrol the universe and thus maintain and insure enduring peace. And then we settled back comfortably in our easy-chairs, basking in the reflected glory of our victories, smug in the belief that all was well with the world we had fought to make safe for democracy. Like Nero of old, we went on blithely fiddling, ignoring the ugly game of power politics being played on our very doorstep, while the whole world beyond bid fair to become a holocaust of flaming passion, bleak starvation and cheap compromise!

For the world, alas! is not free and the trampled, little nations have been liberated from one dictatorship, only to be made the victory feast for another. There is prevalent an

ugly spirit of vengeance that is beneath the dignity of America and, let us hope, her allies, who, as gentlemen, should not regulate their own conduct by those they condemn. The world organization, even at its birth, fell apart in a hotbed of secret agreements, cheap compromises and power politics that silences the voice of minorities beneath the questionable cloak of international security.

Across Europe and most of Asia is drawn the impenetrable curtain of Communistic censorship, yet despite our high-sounding promises to the world's trampled little nations, we have indulged in condoning conspiracies perpetrated under the guise of expediency. We have, additionally, poured out millions to be used for relief and rehabilitation in those blacked-out lands where, for all we know, the funds and supplies may be converted into far less acceptable channels. We have excused in one dictatorship the aggressions and arrogance which, had they been excused in another, might have avoided this second world war.

Upon our people, already bending low beneath an overwhelming burden of debt, we seek to put another load... that of supporting the entire world, to our own detriment. Americans have always been a charitable people, but there is something close to ridicu-

lous to consider a loan to Britain, who, in turn, is economically strong enough to offer a loan, reported by the Associated Press as being \$120,000,000.00, to Russia who spurned it as wholly unacceptable.

It is also strange to reconcile the idea of a loan to a British government which feels no qualms of conscience over the statements of its Harold Laski who, incidentally, has the brazen temerity to say, in the shelter of our own shores, that the United States form of economy is "the direct road to ruin."

Equally tragic and ridiculous is the intimation of a loan to Russia, when its leader, Josef Stalin, openly declared:

"It would be incorrect to think that the war arose in reality as the inevitable result of the faults of some of the statesmen. Although these faults did exist, the war arose in reality as the inevitable result of the development of the world economic and political forces on the basis of monopoly capitalism."

Yet he has been, all along, willing to accept the aid of capitalistic America in rescuing Russia from certain defeat at the hands of the Nazis, when the Soviet army was backed against the walls of Stalin-grad. Had it not been for capitalistic America, Russia would not have survived...

Helen Williams

RME BURNS

nor would she be able to carry on today, without the aid already poured out to her and still being poured out in the shape of capitalistic dollars and supplies. While our government is considering a return to food rationing to feed Russia and her satellites, Stalin is contemplating lifting rationing from Russia.

We cannot hope for economic security to come out of Europe which has been first devastated by war and then pillaged by the ruthless march of the Communists across its face. If we strip Germany of her industries and make her a land of farmers, not only do we rob the world of thousands of potential scientists, medical men and artists (for out of Germany came many of the geniuses of the past, who contributed a goodly share to our civilization), but we create a vacuum in the very heart of Europe. We make Germany permanently dependent on us for support... and strip the world of a commerce with Germany that the world (and Germany, as well) sorely need.

We have ground Germany far lower in the dust of a humiliating defeat than our other enemies, although it was Japan who attacked us and Italy who likewise declared war on us for less reason than any of the other Axis powers had. The story of Pearl Harbor is ugly at best and the element

of surprise has long ago been exploded as a myth. We had not, of course, been strictly neutral. We had been in all but a shooting war since the day Hitler's armies marched into Poland... and a shooting one long before Pearl Harbor, but the fact still remains that Japan's attack was the final act precipitating us into the war.

Yet Italy is all but accepted as an equal of the Allies; Japan was offered terms of peace... let the statesmen (I use the title reluctantly!) say what they will about it, that single concession to Japan, permitting her the retention of her emperor, took the Japanese peace far beyond the realm of unconditional surrender. Germany alone was torn apart in a spirit of ugly vengeance and lust for spoils that was wholly unworthy of civilized nations, especially free and justice-loving America. The spirit of Christ has found no place at the peace tables and not only have we sold into slavery thousands of German men, but we have condoned the mass starvation of helpless women and children who, after all, had little to do with the Hitlerian aggressions. The little people of the world know nothing of international intrigue until they, loyal citizens of their land, go forth to fight the wars that arise from the arrogance and blunders of their selfish leaders.

We are sowing in that fertile soil of starvation, oppression and passion the first seeds that will some day yield a rich harvest of bitter hatred, smoldering vengeance, and ultimate war. No nation, especially one which has been as great as Germany, will long lie quiescent in the dust of a humiliating defeat. There are just two alternatives for her unhappy people. Either they will rush headlong into the eager, waiting, greedy arms of Communism... or they will again pin their hopes on some false saviour who offers them a treacherous way out of their difficulties that will eventually end in another war.

In the far east, the echo of guns breaks the silence of the Pacific, but the UNO turns deaf ears to the anguished cries of the weak and oppressed. The whole world is a seething furnace of unrest, cowering beneath the oppressive heel of a dictator appeased by our contemptible compromises... and underwritten by our unquestioning generosity.

It is not the rose-colored lens of our glasses, but the blood of trampled nations that has given the world its ugly crimson hue. But we, sitting idly in the tragic ruins of the Atlantic Charter and unhappy wreckage of our half-forgotten Four Freedoms, talk glibly of the brave new world of the future that bids fair to blow up in an inferno of revolution!



Good Friday on Formosa

William E. Green

THOUGH I am a newsman and a human interest writer by profession, I have purposely let go untold, until now, the most moving and inspiring story that has come my way in thirty years of reporting. For nearly a year I have lived with this strangest of tales locked within me, partly because its grim vividness recalls to mind all too clearly personal experiences I have tried to forget; and, again, because I felt it was not my place to tell it. You see, I am not a Catholic, and this is a story primarily concerned with Catholics—the central figure being an American priest named Father Felix. However, that good man's tragic experience has haunted me so constantly, especially

with the approach of Easter, that I feel compelled at last to recount it.

The time was March 30, 1945—Good Friday; the place—a small, ill-kept Japanese concentration camp on faraway Formosa, south of the main islands of Japan. There were about a hundred and fifty of us, mostly Americans with perhaps a dozen or so British subjects, fenced into an enclosure barely fifty yards by fifty. On one side of the camp were the miserable lean-to's in which we slept and which were supposed to afford protection from the elements. Actually, they served admirably to let in all of the howling, slashing wind and drenching rain that swept in from the Pacific. On

Can You Identify Them?

Francis Howard

This is an identification quiz, pure and simple. The object is to find out how much you know about twelve famous Catholics. There is a list of names and below them a brief description of each. If you can pair six of the dozen, you'll pass; eight is good, while ten or better marks you as a person of solid background of informational wisdom. The correct tie-ups are given below. Don't look until you have tried.

1. Gilbert K. Chesterton
2. Cesar Auguste Franck
3. Joel Chandler Harris
4. Ferdinand Foch

5. John Henry Cardinal Newman
6. John Boyle O'Reilly
7. Daniel O'Connell
8. Charles Carroll of Carrollton

9. Sir Thomas More
10. Joyce Kilmer
11. Father Damien
12. Francis Thompson

- (a) American editor and poet
- (b) Allied supreme commander in World War I
- (c) Irish Parliamentarian and patriot
- (d) Belgian priest and missionary to the lepers

- (e) French organist and composer
- (f) American soldier-poet in World War I
- (g) Southern writer and author of "Uncle Remus" stories
- (h) English poet and author of "The Hound of Heaven"

- (i) English essayist, poet and detective story writer
- (j) English churchman, hymn writer and author of "Apologia pro Vita Sua"
- (k) Maryland signer of the Declaration of Independence
- (l) English lord chancellor and author of "Utopia"

1-(i); 2-(e); 3-(g); 4-(b); 5-(j); 6-(a); 7-(c); 8-(k); 9-(l); 10-(f); 11-(d); 12-(h)

the other side of the camp was a vast manure heap. The narrow space in between was our exercising ground. It was here that we spent most of our waking hours—milling about like sheep in a fold.

It was here, too, that devotional services were held each morning. Father Felix, a Catholic priest, was the spiritual leader of our people. He had a large following, since a great many of the prisoners happened to be of the Catholic faith. There were also many who were not Catholics but who turned to him for guidance in this most distressing of times, since he was not only a good and devout man but the only man of the cloth among us.

I had known Father Felix in Manila since long before the War—or at least had known of him. When the Japanese came he was taken prisoner because he refused to abandon those whom he felt needed him. I, incidentally, had fallen into their treacherous hands because I too had refused to leave. However, the reason was an entirely different one. I had simply overstayed my welcome. Like a true news hound I had tarried for that one last yarn just a bit longer than was good for me. Knowing the circumstances of his capture, I found myself respecting Father Felix as I had respected few men in my lifetime. After chance had thrown us together in close association, I found that respect resolving into an even deeper emotion.

Those of us who took no part in the religious services felt bound nevertheless by the strong bonds of camaraderie to do what we could to protect the worshippers from the prying eyes of the Japanese guards. This was necessary since all forms of religious expression had been strictly forbidden by our captors. In order to accomplish our purpose, we worked out a system of screening those who knelt in prayer with a sort of human curtain. Father Felix had been surprised on several occasions by the guards in the midst of Mass, and each time one or more of those present had been severely birched or beaten with rifle butts. The priest himself had once been knocked to the ground by a beastly, impudent Japanese non-com who had then proceeded to shake his fist in the helpless man's face and threaten his life.

On the morning of Good Friday special services were to be held, as indeed they had been during all of Holy Week. Extra precautions were taken to time matters just so, and to stand in just the proper positions to obscure what was taking place.

Scarcely had the services gotten under way before a detachment of Japanese soldiers came plowing through us with rifle butts swinging lustily. The commandant of the camp was with them. Obviously, this was the work of an informer! The

Japanese colonel confirmed this in straightforward fashion. A man named Williams, a furtive, shift-eyed fellow whom we had been suspicious of for some time had gone to the guards with our whole plan in return for promises of special privileges.

The Japanese, with a grisly sense of humor I have never seen equalled, decided that since this day was a Christian Holy Day they would inject their own special brand of irony into the situation. Father Felix was ordered crucified before the eyes of us all!

Our people were shocked speechless. We stood numbly and watched the Japanese soldiers strip the priest of his clothing and transfix him on a hastily constructed cross of heavy boughs lashed together. By noon the devilish business was over and the cross erected, but Father Felix's suffering had just begun. I gazed at his gaunt figure wasted by many months of slow starvation, pale against the black bark of the tree. And as I looked an indescribable sensation passed over me and I seemed to be seeing another figure on another cross long centuries past.

For three hours the courageous man hung there in all his torment, and just as I saw his chin slump to his breast I heard a great noise in the sky, and the sun seemed to grow dim. Again that indescribable feeling. I looked overhead, scarcely daring to look at all for fear of what I might witness. I gasped in astonishment. Heading straight for the camp were several formations of heavy bombers—American bombers!

For minutes on end we hugged the ground and it rocked and reeled beneath us as tremendous explosions churned the earth in all directions. The Japanese barracks, just beyond our barbed wire enclosure, were getting it hot and heavy.

When the bombing was over a search disclosed that, miraculously, not a single bomb had struck our camp! The search did reveal two significant things, however. In a far corner of the enclosure we discovered the lifeless body of Williams, the informer. He had hanged himself in remorse with a strand of barbed wire. We also found that one of our huge bombers had been brought down by Japanese anti-aircraft fire. It had fallen at the exact spot where Father Felix's remains had hung on the cross just a short time before.

The more I think of how that charred wreckage of the bomber looked to me that day with its huge wings outspread, its long fuselage, and its tail structure shot away—the more I think of it the more I am convinced it made a perfect Sign of the Cross.

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



ALL Fatima was swept out of every appearance of normalcy by the miracle, and for the rest of the day there were nothing but demands to see and speak with the children. Maria do Carmo, the woman who had been cured, was also surrounded by eager questioners, and she willingly told what she could—of herself, her illness, her twenty-two mile barefoot pilgrimages from Maceira to the Cova, of which this trip today was the third.

"Last July I was dying of tuberculosis," she explained to those who pressed about her. "When I heard about the visits of the heavenly lady here, I promised to make four pilgrimages, barefoot, to obtain my cure."

At this a murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd. Four barefoot pilgrimages of forty-four miles each, over stony roads and steep hills! What a spirit of sacrifice was here!

"The first trip in August was very hard," the woman continued. "My husband and I set out at one o'clock in the morning and he was almost sure that I would die on the road. But I dragged myself along, just one big pain from head to foot."

"Ah, but didn't you forget all the suffering when you finally reached here?" asked a thin-faced woman, obviously afflicted with the same ailment which Maria do Carmo had known for five years.

The latter nodded eagerly. "Yes, just a few minutes after arriving I felt much better. Of course the lady didn't come here in August—since the children were in prison at Ourem—but she helped me just the same. I did not suffer so much on the trip back home."

"And you walked those twenty-two miles again in September? And barefoot both ways?"

"Yes. And without too much difficulty. But today—oh, thanks be to the Holy Mother—I feel as though I could run all the way home!"

"You stood for hours in the rain here this morning, too, didn't you, before the lady came?"

"Yes. And like the others I was cold and soaked to the skin. The pain was bad, too. But now look at me! My cough is gone. The swelling has left my arms and legs. I have no pain anywhere. Oh, truly this Cova is a holy place!"

Before twenty-four hours had passed, the story of Maria do Carmo's cure, but more especially that of the sun's mysterious whirling, had spread throughout all Portugal. The photographers who had been present in the Cova had taken pictures of the "dancing sun," and now these appeared in every newspaper. There were the giant rays shoot-

ing forth, the uplifted faces of the pilgrims—each with its expression of astonishment, wonder, fear. There were the children kneeling by the holm-oak, carried out of themselves at the beauty of their heavenly friend. Truly, the stupendous wonder of October 13 had been well recorded by the cameras.

But everyone was not convinced. Within a few days after the miracle, a group of atheists crept into the Cova by night and destroyed a wooden arch which devout pilgrims had erected over the place of the apparitions. They also overturned a table whereon the faithful were accustomed to leave their offerings, stole the lamps burning there and other pious objects as well. Then they cut down what they thought to be the holm-oak upon which Our Lady's feet had rested.

Fortunately the atheists overlooked the real tree (now little more than a root in the ground), but in a spirit of malice the tree they did choose was tied to the back of their automobile and dragged over the dusty road to the neighboring town of Santarem. Here, on October 25, it was paraded through the streets, together with the other pious objects stolen from the Cova, while hundreds jeered and mocked at the mere mention of the heavenly lady, the three little shepherds, the Catholic faith.

"Who wants to be led astray by superstitious peasants from Fatima?" cried these unbelievers. "Let's be wise like the political leaders in Russia. This very month they've discovered what the priests have been trying to keep from them for centuries: that there is no God or a life after death!"

Yes, it was October, 1917, and atheistic Communism had been unleashed upon Russia and the world. Once again the Devil was making use of certain wicked men in an effort to snatch souls to himself, to keep them from occupying the places in heaven which he and his angels had forfeited so long ago.

"Perhaps that's why the Blessed Virgin came to the Cova," certain people told themselves. "She wants to defeat the Devil, and she knows that the Rosary is one of the most powerful weapons against him."

"If that's true, we ought to learn whatever Fatima has to teach us about saying the Rosary daily with real care and devotion," said others. "Then maybe the Devil's campaign in Russia will fail, and there'll be a chance to have real peace in the world."

"Yes," agreed still more people. "The Devil is behind most of the world's troubles. Despite appearances, it is he who sets different classes and nations against one another."

The three little shepherds never guessed that these and similar conversations were taking place throughout all Portugal, that suddenly thousands of men and women had taken to saying the Rosary every day, that Lucia's account of the lady's visits was appearing in dozens of newspapers. No, after the sixth apparition in the Cova, just as after the first, the children remained simple and unspoiled. Not even the crowds which continued to come on pilgrimages to Fatima could make them consider themselves important. Indeed, in one sense Lucia had small chance to become conceited, since her family still misunderstood and criticized her.

"The Cova used to be a good place to grow vegetables," grumbled her brother Manuel one day. "We could even get feed there for the mules. Now every blade of grass has been trampled by the pilgrims. Not a thing is left growing. What are you going to do about that, little holy one?"

"Yes, and there's absolutely no peace for me any more," complained the oldest sister, Therese. "People are always asking for Lucia. Then I have to leave my housework, try to remember where she is pasturing the sheep, and send someone to bring her home."

"What about us?" put in the other sisters, Gloria and Caroline. "Many times we have to take Lucia's place and watch the sheep while she sits chatting in the parlor with all kinds of important people. Oh, it really isn't fair!"

Their mother sighed. "I know that watching sheep is no work for big girls who know how to cook and spin and weave," she admitted. "It's for a little girl like Lucia who doesn't know anything. But what can I do? These days everyone is asking for her..."

Manuel shook his head gloomily. "I know what's going to happen," he declared. "We're going to have to sell the sheep."

Maria Rosa gasped. "*Sell the sheep?* But we get our wool from them! And meat! Why, we save a good deal of money because of those animals..."

"I know, Mother. But mark my words. Unless heaven works a miracle for us, and keeps people from wanting to see Lucia, the sheep will have to be sold. Really, sometimes I wonder why the lady didn't appear to a child whose family could afford the honor..."

Poor Lucia! It was hard to bear the cutting remarks of her good but misunderstanding relatives, and she often found herself in tears. At such times she would marvel at Jacinta's disappointment that Francisco and she were not also nagged and scolded by their family.

"If we were, think how many extra sacrifices we'd have to offer for sinners!" sighed the little girl one day. "Oh, Lucia, you *are* lucky..."

Francisco nodded. "Yes. And do you know something? I've found out that suffering isn't hard if you ask Our Lady to help you to bear it as Our Lord bore His—for the love of souls. It's only hard when you try to run away from it."

Jacinta's dark eyes lit up with a strange glow. "I've found that out, too," she said. "That's why I try to suffer a little something every day for souls. Only sometimes I know I could do a lot more, particularly when people are nice to me and everything goes well at home. Then I feel as though I ought to go out and find some suffering."

Lucia squirmed uneasily. "Jacinta, you're always talking about suffering for souls! But other people don't concern themselves with it. Why, they try to have things easy all the time!"

Now the light in Jacinta's eyes fairly sparkled. "Other people? But they never had a glimpse of hell as we did, Lucia. Oh, don't you remember that day in July when the lady showed us the billions and billions of damned souls in hell?"

Recalling the dreadful vision, and how all three of them had nearly died from terror, the older girl shivered. "Of course I remember! Who could ever forget how awful it was?"

Jacinta clasped her hands fervently. "It's too late to help those souls, but we can help others and keep

them from going to hell. We can do it by suffering as the lady told us. Shall we try very hard to do that?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Francisco eagerly. "Let's pray and suffer as much as we can. That will surely save many souls and please the lady."

Naturally Lucia agreed to take part in this heavenly work, consoled by the thought that Francisco was right. Suffering for others could be a joyful matter if one remembered to ask the Blessed Virgin for a share in the love her Son bore for sinners, likewise for strength and courage to persevere in their salvation.

"I'll ask for this favor every day," the little girl thought. "I'm sure Our Lady always hears this kind of prayer."

So it was that neither Lucia nor Francisco objected when Jacinta set herself to finding still more ways whereby the three of them could do penance for sinners. She had been the leader in this venture since the lady's visit in July, but because there had never been anyone to give advice on the subject, the mortifications she had chosen were inclined to be extreme. For instance, already she and her two playmates had formed the habit of not drinking any water on certain days while watching the sheep—no matter how intense the heat. Again, they frequently gave away their lunches to some poor children in the neighborhood, contenting themselves with the bitter herbs and acorns they found in the fields. Or, if they



THEY FREQUENTLY GAVE AWAY THEIR LUNCHES

did not give away their lunches to the poor children, they gave them to the sheep.

As a result of such rigorous fasting, the little ones frequently suffered from severe headaches during the long hours away from home. But spurred on by a holy desire to be victims for sinners, they bore the discomfort bravely. However, their heroism reached even greater heights when Lucia discovered a piece of rough rope along the highway.

"We'll cut this rope into three parts and each wear a piece about our waists," they decided. "Probably it will hurt after a while. Then we'll have another pain to offer up for sinners."

But the new penance was more difficult than the children had anticipated. Many days Jacinta could hardly keep back the tears because of the suffering it caused.

"Take off the rope," advised Lucia finally. "You'll make yourself sick if you keep on wearing it."

But the seven-year-old child shook her head. "What about the sinners? The only way to save them is by prayer and sacrifice, isn't it?"

So the weeks passed, and the children entered more deeply into the work of praying and suffering for others. Upheld by grace, which constantly flooded their hearts they did not forget to ask the Blessed Mother for courage to do all that God desired of them, they became true victim souls. But no one, not even Father Ferreira, realized the wonderful fact.

"You don't suppose we should tell anyone how we are praying and suffering for sinners, do you?" asked Jacinta one day.

Francisco shook his head. "Oh, no! They wouldn't understand."

"Mother would say I was crazy," sighed Lucia. "I just know she would."

So the penitential side of their lives was kept a secret, and to all appearances the children were just as they had been before the lady's first visit. Each morning they took their parents' sheep to pasture—the usual task for young children in Portugal's country districts. On Sundays and feast days they accompanied their families to Mass in the village church, where occasionally Lucia was permitted to receive Holy Communion. But Francisco and Jacinta, not having reached the age of ten, were considered too young for the great honor. And of course they had never told anyone of the visits from the Angel of Peace.

"Even if the Blessed Virgin did appear to them, they still don't know all the Catechism," said their good mother placidly. "It wouldn't be right to let them receive Holy Communion yet."

But the children, instructed by Our Lady of the

Rosary, knew far more about spiritual matters than anyone suspected. Indeed, from time to time there were discussions in the sheep pasture which would have astonished and alarmed their families.

"Lucia, didn't the lady tell you on the second visit that she was going to take Francisco and me to heaven soon?" asked Jacinta one day.

The latter hesitated. "Yes, she did say that."

"Well, I wonder what she means by 'soon'?"

Lucia shivered. "I don't know. Let's not talk about it."

"You mean, you're still sad because the lady said you couldn't go to heaven when we do?"

"That's right. She said. I'd have to stay here in the world for some time yet. Oh, how can I live without you and Francisco?"

Jacinta's eyes were full of sympathy. "But the lady said she had work for you to do—that you're to help establish devotion to her Immaculate Heart! Oh, Lucia, that's really wonderful—to help other people to know and love the Immaculate Heart of Mary!"

Francisco nodded. "It's the finest work in the world. And we'll help you all we can up in heaven. Won't we, Jacinta?"

"Of course we will. But I still wonder..."

"You wonder what?"

"When we're going to go there."

Suddenly Lucia could bear such talk no longer. "You're going to go to school before you go to heaven," she said abruptly. "And so am I. I heard our parents talking about it just yesterday."

The eyes of Francisco and Jacinta grew round with surprise. "School? But why?"

"So you can learn to read and write."

"But what good is that if we're going to die soon?"

Francisco nodded vigorously. "It was *you* the lady said should learn to read, Lucia—not us. Don't you remember? She said that on her second visit in June."

With difficulty Lucia overcame a desire to burst into tears. Here truly was a double sacrifice to offer for sinners! First, her beloved cousins were going to die and leave her alone. Second, there were to be no more carefree hours in the fields—watching the sheep, playing games, reciting the Rosary. Instead, the future was to be devoted to lessons in a stuffy classroom, surrounded by strangers who at first would stare and whisper, then gain courage and ask endless questions about the heavenly lady.

Jacinta seemed to read her cousin's thoughts. "Let's say the prayer," she suggested.



Assignment Completed

Eva Evans

When her husband had suggested, diffidently, that a child be taken from the State Home—just for the summer, of course—she had not objected.

THE dust cloth still in her hand, she dropped into the chair facing the picture—a picture of a soldier. A soldier? A boy playing soldier! The picture swam in the midst before her eyes. She closed her eyes for a moment; opened them again. "I can't do it," she whispered desperately to that pictured face, "I've tried; truly, I've tried! I can't do it!"

Even here in the living room, she was conscious of the moving shadow that was the boy. She could not get away from it. Now, she turned—deliberately forced herself to watch him. His head came regularly into view for a moment and, as regularly, vanished. Up and down; up and down—until she thought she could not bear to see him appear again. She pressed her hands over her eyes. "Oh God," she whispered, "Don't let me hate him!"

All morning she had tried to go about her work but, no matter where she was, the small head kept reappearing with that pendulum-like precision. Well, why not? The swing had been placed there with the express purpose of keeping a small boy in sight of his mother's eyes.

She looked appealingly at the picture. "I can't stand it," she repeated through dry lips, "He reminds me constantly of you. And I've got to forget! Haven't I?"

Tears ran unchecked down her cheeks; she caught her trembling lips between her teeth, as she faced the picture: The picture stared gravely back at her. After a long minute, she stood up slowly, like an old woman, and went back to her work.

She did not think it would be like this! When her husband had suggested, diffidently, that a child be taken from the State Home—just for the summer, of course—she had not objected. She objected to nothing. Nothing mattered any more.

How could she, suspended in that numbed, frozen void, know that the presence of a small boy could bring back the pain of living?

They were not big things—the things that hurt. What made his presence so unbearable, were the familiar, little things. There were the towels with the grimy imprint; there was the face shining clean—but with the cleanliness ending abruptly at the jaw line; there was the hair—combed so nicely in front but with the back on end; there was —She forced her thoughts to other channels. It wasn't the boy's fault. He was a nice child, she supposed.

Her husband seemed to think so. Often in the evening, as she sat and sewed, she could hear their voices as they sat together on the steps. She was seldom close enough to hear

their words—only their voices: her husband's with a definite, falling inflection; then a brief silence; then the boy's—rising eagerly. Always asking questions! Did all boys —?

And this morning at breakfast—He ate alone long after her husband had gone to his work. He had been eating; spooning up cereal, unseeing, while his eyes were fixed on the comics in the morning paper spread beside his plate. Then, he looked at the date; spelled it out laboriously, "What does that spell?"

She told him. Then, "Why?"

"Why," his face aglow, "This is my birthday!"

She turned sharply away. Birthdays! She closed her eyes for a moment as the joyous clamor of past birthdays rang loud in her memory.

She knew, now, that the boy must go. She had realized, dimly, that her husband hoped she would want to keep him but that was, of course, quite impossible.

Hurry him through his meal and out of the house! Once in the swing, he would stay a long time. She knew that. He loved the sailing up into the lower boughs of the old oak and the backward swoop down again. He—another boy—had loved that swing too.

"This is my birthday." She knew the boy had been at the State Home since infancy and that he was to

start school this year. That meant, she supposed, that today was his sixth birthday.

Such an important date! And he was so little!

Acting on an impulse, she went to the door and called the boy to her. "Today you are a much bigger boy than you were yesterday," she told him seriously—and could have wept to see his chest expand with pride. "So, you may go to the store all by yourself. Would you like to?"

He nodded.

"I didn't know about your birthday," she went on, "But I'm going to give you some money and you can buy whatever you want for your own birthday present. Go straight down the street to the little store. Do you know the way?"

The boy found his voice. "Oh, sure, right on this street. I don't go around any corners; I just go straight down this street till I get there."

"That's right. Now, here—" She broke off. Her change purse emptied into her hand to reveal exactly twelve cents. In her billfold was a ten dollar bill. For a moment, she hesitated. Then, No! She could not go with him! He wasn't used to much — She poured the change into his hand. "Here. This is yours. You may do anything you like with it. Run along now. Don't be gone too long."

From the window, she watched the small, sturdy body move importantly down the street. Then she turned to her desk.

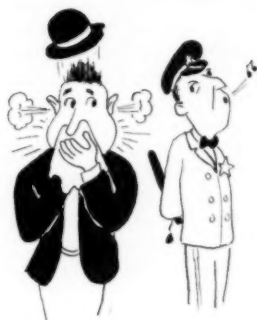
Down the street, the boy swung along proudly. He was a man going to work, no! He was a soldier—the soldier in the picture. He threw his shoulders back stiffly and marched along. The first two blocks were just house blocks. He hurried past them. Then, the stores began!

He moved more slowly now; stopped to look in every window. He knew exactly where he was going but he looked with critical eyes at the display in every shop. There was a beautiful bicycle—he'd soon be big enough for a two-wheeler. A display of roller skates held his attention briefly. The next window

held a tank of goldfish; "Fish—10¢ and up" said the sign. Then there was a florist's shop. On the window was written—"Special—Roses just 6¢ each." And there was a picture of a rose and six pennies right under it.

Next door to this, was the dime store. This was easily the most fascinating store in town! Here he could find toys, books, candy—anything! His twelve cents clutched tightly in his moist hand, the boy entered—wandered up and down the aisles looking for the one thing he might want most.

Back at the house, the woman was writing a letter. She wrote a few words; thought a long time; wrote a few more. It was a difficult letter to write—more difficult even than she had imagined. She paused and looked over the words she had written—"have enjoyed having him;—think he must find it very lonely after being accustomed to all the children there;—feel it would be unfair to him to keep him here much as we would like to—" all the pleasant, shallow lies with which one pushes away an unwanted situation. She heard steps on the walk, so she



The citizens of Asheville, N. C., break the law whenever they sneeze in the streets.

In Dunn there is an ordinance which prohibits snoring that "disturbs the neighbors."



In Charlotte it is illegal to wash a horse on the city thoroughfares.

hurriedly signed the letter and slipped it into an envelope. She knew that he could not read but, even so, she felt that she must get the letter out of sight.

Surprisingly, he rapped at the open door. She went to answer it.

"For you!" Proudly, he held out to her the gift he had brought.

She looked down—two grubby, little hands; two rapidly wilting roses! Her eyes came back to his face—a dirty, eager face. She found her voice. "But it was for you—to buy something for yourself!"

"You said I could do anything I wanted with it—and I wanted—I wanted—" the small chin was beginning to quiver—"I never had anybody to give things to before—" He could say no more.

The woman's hand clasped the hands which held the flowers. "Why, Darling," she said huskily, "I love them! Thank you so much! These are really the nicest roses I've seen! Where-ever did you find them?"

His face lighted magically. "Do you really like them?" he asked eagerly. "I asked a man to read me what it said about them and it said they were special—and—and you're special too and—they look like you too—so pretty!"

Hand in hand, they went to find a vase worthy of such an offering. And, as she looked down into the eager, upturned face, she thought with astonishment: "Why, he's a sweet youngster! I never really looked at him before!"

By the time the two roses were properly arranged, she had made a decision. And, characteristically, she plunged into the future as some people take a cold shower.

"This being a birthday," she said seriously, "naturally, it calls for a pretty special celebration. So, you take your bath and put on that new suit we bought the other day. Then, I have something you can play with in the living room. It's in here somewhere," hunting through a chest that had been locked for months. "Here we are! This is a mechanical builder set. I think most of the pieces are here. You can build with it."

The boy looked at the toy with interest. "Did it belong to him—the sojer in the picture?" he asked eagerly.

The box gripped tight in her hand, she stared into her questioner's face. For a moment, the outlines of that face were blurred. She was silent so long that the child, with the discernment of the very young, knew that somehow he had said the wrong thing. He caught his breath sharply.

The woman's vision cleared. She moistened her lips and spoke. "Yes, dear, it belonged to him—to the soldier in the picture."

Then, with a quick change of expression, she went on: "And now, you go ahead with your bath—and then play with this. But, remember, you mustn't come near the kitchen! I'm going to shut all the doors and I don't want anyone coming out there until invited! If anyone does—" she made a quick gesture with her thumb across her throat; winked outrageously; and went ostentatiously about shutting all doors that led toward the kitchen. As she passed the desk, she picked up the letter she had written and, on her way to the kitchen, she tore the letter to bits.

In the kitchen, she went about the business of compounding a birthday cake. The facility of long practice was in her movements as she separated the eggs; beat the eggs; measured the sugar.

While she had been writing that letter, her own unspoken words had kept coming back to her. "Wasn't used to much. Wasn't used to much." It came back again—familiar yet unrecognizable. Where had she heard it? A vague memory, like a mosquito in the night, plagued her.

She shook her head regretfully; turned her thoughts to the boy. "I never had anyone to give things to before." And again, "You're special, too." A pleased, wistful smile lighted her face.

She finished the cake; put it on the wire racks to cool. Then into the dining room—the lace table cloth; the best dishes; the center of

the table left bare until she could bring in, from the living room, the vase and the two roses.

At the living room door, she listened. In the next room, she could hear the murmur of soft conversation. The boy was talking to himself in his play. She leaned for a moment against the wall, her hand pressed to her eyes. Was it, she wondered, a characteristic of all small boys to talk to themselves when they played alone?

They seemed to require company—imaginary if none other was available. Perhaps that was why boys always wanted dogs. She straightened suddenly. Dogs!

Slipping off her apron as she went, she let herself quietly out the back door; hurried across the alley. They had puppies there last week. There must be one left—

Everything in readiness, she went to her own room; dressed herself in festive splendor. Then she took out a box; carried it to the window; sat, down—the box in her lap.

Opening it, her fingers caressed the contents gently—her treasures. There were a few letters; a telegram; a few bits of ribbon; a medal; a high school letter that had never been sewn to a sweater; a few photographs; and, in the bottom of the box carefully wrapped in tissue, a wax disk. She took this out. The disk was quite old. It had inaugurated festivities for the past nineteen years with but one omission. For a long time, she sat holding it on her lap. She sat staring off across the garden; her fingers caressing the bit of unfeeling wax as though it were a sensate thing; stroking it gently.

With a sigh, she returned to the present; began to replace the treasures of the past in their hiding place. As she laid each back in the box, she smoothed it gently.

At the very last, she came to the letter. Hesitating only a moment, she drew it slowly from the envelope. A phrase stood out—"have had so little." That was it! She had stated the same thought from the opposite view. She had — — She broke off; a hot blush of shame dyed her cheek. "But I made up my

mind first," she whispered, "I did, my darling! I made up my mind before I remembered!"

Smoothing the wrinkled sheets, she read what he had written:

Mom,
This is my just-in-case letter so I guess it will be O.K. if I seem to droll a bit. When you get this, you'll know I've gone on ahead and I don't want you to feel too badly about it. Because I shall not.

The only thing I do mind is the feeling that I have nothing to show for what I tried to do. You remember, I was downed once; lucky enough to land with friends so I got sent back safely. But I saw the kids over there. They have had so little! And there are so many of them! It just doesn't seem that the little I can do will be of much help divided among so many.

Remember the history teacher I had last year—Miss Hatcher? "Old Lady Hatchet-Face," we called her. We used to hate the way she gave assignments for outside reading—she never told us how much to do. She just gave out the subjects and told us to do what we thought covered the subject and, when we were satisfied, to write "Assignment Completed" at the end of the report. She never questioned our decisions. And, Mom, it was awfully

hard to finish a report to please yourself!

I got to thinking about that in connection with this job. I never was much good at seeing things in general; I need the particulars.

If I could put my finger on one particular boy—I don't care where he is, or who he is, or what he is—and say to him: "That whole world of mine—the world of ice cream cones and chocolate bars; of roller skates and bicycles; of movies and swimming pools; and of love—most of all, love—That world is yours now. It was mine and I've paid for it as a gift to you. It's all yours!"

Then I feel like I could write across my report—"Assignment Completed."

There, I feel better now! Well, So Long, Mom, I'll be seeing you again one of these days. Take good care of yourself and Dad. And think happily of the times we had together. Some fun, hey kid?

All my love,
Sonny.

A car drove past, its horn blowing raucously. She started to her feet. A glance at her watch showed her that she barely had time to start events rolling. Even as she entered the dining room, through the open

window she saw the man turn up the walk.

She raised the top of the old victrola. It had not been opened for over a year and dust lay heavy on the green felt of the turntable. She leaned over; blew the dust away; laid the disk in place; threw the switch.

The man was coming wearily up the steps. Suddenly, he straightened. Inside the house, he heard a child's scream of delight, the yapping of a puppy, and then—dear and familiar and comforting—the scratchy, old recording—

"Happy Birthday to you; Happy Birthday to you; Happy Birthday, Dear Sonny, Happy Birthday to you."

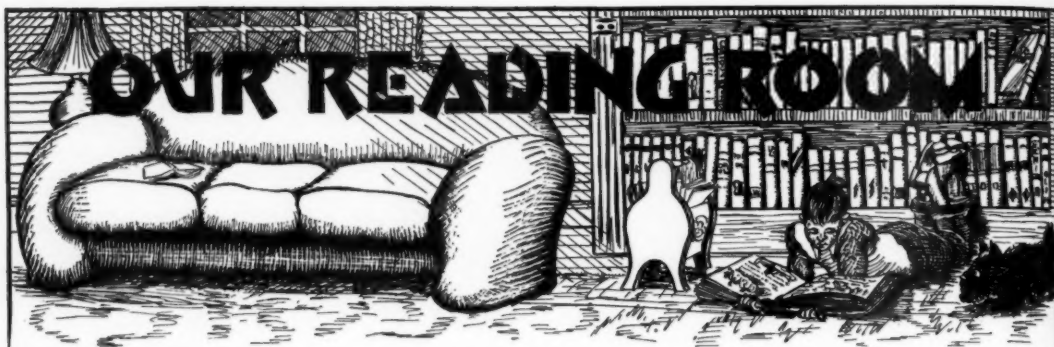
His wife was sitting at her desk. He paused, laid a strong, gentle hand on her shoulder. Then he saw the letter that lay before her. He had seen it before.

She glanced up at him, then with a steady hand she took up her pen and wrote—"Assignment Completed"—across the letter.

Bread Upon the Waters

In a town of the middle West, the rector of the Catholic Church is fondly referred to as Father Paul. He is a man with a heart of great sympathy and love for his fellow men. Recently a twelve year old Jewish boy in his community lay desperately ill. Father Paul knew the lad, as he did all the boys in the neighborhood. He heard of his plight and the need for a blood transfusion of an unusual type. He wasted no time but had his own blood tested and when it was found to be the type that was needed by his friend, he offered it at once.

It was not long before the news got into the papers and was read in San Francisco by a Jewish refugee to his young son. "That, my son, is what it means to be an American. We have come from a place where such a thing would be impossible. From this we can learn that we are all God's children." Because in his native land the child had known of nothing but abuse from the hands of non-Jews, the child was deeply impressed. So, of his own volition, he emptied his little piggy bank and sent the money to Father Paul to "use for some little boy in your church."



BRIDESHEAD REVISITED

by Evelyn Waugh

Little Brown & Co. Boston, Mass.
351 pp. \$2.50.

If you have read *Brideshead Revisited* you must have formed your opinion of the book. Therefore, don't read any further; for if this little appreciation disagrees with your own, it will probably give you a sleepless night, and tomorrow you will get up with dyspepsia, and your whole day will be ruined.

This is rather for those who have heard the book discussed, and have put off reading it—a reminder that it still occupies a place on their list. Everybody knows, I think, that *Brideshead Revisited* is the story of a family that strayed away from the Catholic Faith, were hounded by God, and slowed up sufficiently to have Him catch up with them before they stepped off the deep end. As such, it makes fascinating, if not always entertaining, reading.

The outstanding quality of the book is the fine delineation of character which Evelyn Waugh has made. These characters are as completely new as the recent neighbors who just moved into your block. Each character has it in himself to make you hate or pity, and sometimes to love him. The author must have hated and pitied them very much too; otherwise he could hardly have aroused these emotions in his readers.

Because the conflict is with sin, the struggle is great, and the story overpowering. One will meet immoralities in the book; yet the book is not an immoral book. Sin is portrayed in all its ugliness; there is no

question of its emerging triumphant. For Evelyn Waugh knows as every intelligent Catholic knows, that every sinner fights a losing battle with God.

This book recognizes the Catholic doctrine that man in himself is neither fundamentally good nor fundamentally evil, but a strange and marvelous combination of both. The Catholic viewpoint is that the will of man is free to choose either evil or good, but since the Fall of our first parents and original sin, man is more inclined toward evil than good, unless this inclination to evil can be checked by religion, morality and the grace of God. *Brideshead Revisited* is strong meat, and may possibly scandalize the immature Christian, who is apt to forget that life on earth is a struggle between the forces of good and evil; when a novelist like Waugh uses his gifts to portray this struggle in his novel, and does so in such a way that we pity, hate, or love the characters by turns, he has accomplished the near great. Cardinal Newman once stated the case for the first requirement of a Catholic novel when he insisted that: "There is no such thing as a sinless literature in a sinful world."

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

by Erich Maria Remarque
Appleton Century Co.
455 pp. \$3.00.

This lurid new novel by the author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back* is the story of an exiled German surgeon living in Paris. It is told with all

the vividness and fidelity to morbid detail that makes Remarque's novels so depressing; but this book has none of the redeeming qualities of his first great books; Dr. Ravic, victim of Gestapo justice, seems to exist solely for the purpose of murdering a certain Nazi agent by the name of Haake. The amoral view that the author seems to take of this cold-blooded act of revenge cannot be condoned. Nor can there be any approval given to the brutal mercy murder by the doctor of the woman with whom his life had become inextricably involved; it seems that almost all values, decency, mercy, love and friendship were gradually destroyed in the soul of Dr. Ravic as the result of his hatred and bitterness. Once again Remarque has shown the ravages of war, not in a whole group of people this time, but in the character of a once respectable and cultured German surgeon.

Unnatural, perverted, decadent, even inartistic—these are the adjectives which best describe this book. The actions of the characters who are fornicators, abortionists, prostitutes and homosexuals are not only evil but are offensively portrayed. There are misinterpretations of Catholic position and dogma, such as the author's mistaken idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost. Altogether the book cannot be recommended to any class of reader because of its nature and presentation.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

OTHERS WILL COME

by Rev. H. J. Heagney, Litt. D.
Society of the Divine Savior
Salvatorian Seminary
St. Nazianz, Wisconsin.

This fictionized biography is, as the jacket proclaims, a sequel to Father Heagney's other successful novel *Victory*. The latter is the biography of Father Jordan, Founder of the Society of the Divine Savior (known to most of us as

"the Salvatorians"); its sequel portrays in equally vivid style the struggle to keep the Society going and developing.

Father Jordan's first apostolic aim was evangelization by means of periodic literature; hence, the purpose of the Society's organs: *The Missionary*, and that primarily for the young folk, *Manna*.

But realizing that a society without recruitment is already a dying organism, Father Jordan spent himself in trying to foster a seminary. Despite the defection of their most promising seminarian and almost simultaneously that of Von Leonhardi, one of the founding trio, Father Jordan grimly stuck to his seminary; the project proved a cross even in his last days, when the war broke out and the army began draining off his young men.

But the kernel of the story seems to be the founding and fostering of a Sisterhood for the Society, which was, in event, to hold the major role in putting the whole idea of the Society across. Banned by Bismarck's bigotry from Germany, the Society retained an underground of religion in these good Sisters, who by their daily works of mercy were ever stabbing at the underbelly of prejudice in the ugly *Kulturkampf*.

Finally we see the growing Society receive the stamp of approval when the Holy Father himself christens it with a name of his own devising, and the "Catholic Teaching Society" becomes at last and forever "The Society of the Divine Savior" with full approbation and encouragement.

Grippingly told and charged with incidents, the narrative is spun out in a vivid and vitalized style; and though the literary critic may frown slightly at some of the forced picturesque-ness (such as in "eyes of Dresden blue") his brow will smooth again at capable phrasings of the caliber of "... his time had come and he had slipped swiftly into eternity, swifter than a man changing one coat for another."

All in all, we feel that the book will be of much interest and profit to all readers.

Basil Mattingly, O.S.B.

THE LIFE OF FATHER PRO

by Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.
Radio Replies Press,
St. Paul 1, Minn.
130 pages. \$1.00.

In the first part of this book the author reviews the early life of the Jesuit martyr, Father Pro. The author's personal acquaintance with Father Pro's sister, now a Good Shepherd nun, has given him access

to more accurate and detailed information about the early life, apostolate and death of the priest. The writer is anxious to show the truly human and normal qualities of Miguel Pro, who by his pranks and consequent strappings gave no early promise of the heroic caliber that makes martyrs.

The second part of the book recounts Miguel's vocation, his Jesuit studies, ordination and short but dramatic apostolate. After suppression of the Jesuit house of studies in Mexico, the young Pro was sent together with his fellow scholastics to Los Gatos, California, and later to Granada in Spain. Returning to Mexico after ordination, he arrived July 7, 1926, just three weeks be-

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

by John Moody

Sheed and Ward, New York, N.Y.
379 pages. \$3.75.

No Catholic layman who lays claim to being well read can neglect the study of Cardinal Newman, whose spiritual and mental stature, as one writer says, places him among the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The centenary of Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church 1845-1945 inspired the able Catholic writer John Moody to write a new life of the famous Cardinal.

It would be difficult to find a Churchman and thinker among our English speaking peoples about whom more has been written; liter-

Friends in a Storm

It was sleeting overhead and slushy underfoot. People hurried along Forty-Second Street with their coat collars up about their ears, hardly glancing at passersby. A young Negro, carrying a heavy valise in one hand, a huge suitcase in the other, hurried toward the Grand Central Station, slipping and skidding as he went. Suddenly a hand reached out and took the valise while a pleasant voice said: "Let me take one, brother! Bad weather to have to carry things." The Negro was reluctant, but the young white man insisted: "I'm going your way." All the way to the station they chatted like two old buddies.

Years later, Booker T. Washington said: "That was my introduction to Theodore Roosevelt."

fore the Bishops' decree suspending all public worship requiring the ministry of priests; the decree was published as a protest to the Calles anti-clerical government who were secularizing all education and dissolving the religious orders.

During those three precious weeks Father Pro spent himself hearing confessions often eleven hours a day. On July 31, 1926, the Catholic Church of Mexico went into the catcombs. Priests who still administered the sacraments and said Mass traveled in civilian attire and met with the faithful behind closed and locked doors. Father Pro's retreats to people of all walks of life, his zeal in housing families, his escapes from the secret police read like a detective thriller. His short apostolate full of zeal and heroic adventure came to an early end on November 23, 1927, when he was executed by a government order without benefit of a trial.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

ally of the making of books about Newman there seems to be no end. Without doubt, the classic study of Newman is still the great two volume biography of the Cardinal by Wilfrid Ward. But few lay Catholics will find leisure to read these tomes. For such as have to read as they run this new biography of Newman by Moody is the best introduction to Newman's life and works.

John Moody is peculiarly fitted to paint a complete word-portrait of Newman, for his own path to the Catholic Church paralleled that of the Cardinal; he spent many years enroute in the high, low and broad church stations of Anglicanism. Furthermore, Moody is an American, and appreciates the difficulty the average Catholic will have in understanding the theological controversies related to the Oxford movement beginning in 1833 and terminating around 1845 with Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church.

Moody's pen-portrait is drawn swiftly and surely with a dispatch that will please the busy reader and a delicacy which will please the admirers of Newman; in his attempt to weave into his story extracts from the Cardinal's writings, Moody sometimes slows up his narrative; this is especially true during his explanation of "An Essay on The Development of Christian Doctrine." The average lay reader who survives this rather heavy chapter, will be richly repaid. Every period and episode of Newman's life is, with this one exception, treated in due proportion. Moody does not ignore the strange treatment Newman received from his fellow-Catholics, but he does show how much of the estrangement was probably due to Newman's thin-skin in the presence of criticism. The misunderstanding with Manning and Ward is treated very fairly; and it was a very happy thought to conclude the book with the reprinting of the sermon preached by Cardinal Manning at Brompton Oratory at Newman's requiem.

There is much in the character of Newman which reminds the observer of Pope Leo XIII. Both were men of extraordinary mental power; and not the least of those powers was the spirit of vision which enabled them to foresee our present age of infidelity gone mad. If this new life of Newman by a modern American convert can arouse lay Catholics to start reading Newman's writings it will serve to conduct more than one puzzled Catholic out of the land of shadows and confusion into the country of truth and light. The book will appeal to adults rather than adolescents, but advanced high school students will enjoy it.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

"WHAT SAY YOU"

by David Goldstein, L.L.D.

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn. 450 pages, cloth-bound, \$2.75.

Most of us at times enjoy listening to "the man in the street" program over the radio, because it tells us what the man in the street is thinking. In this book by Mr. Goldstein we can follow him on his street-preaching tours over the length and breadth of the country and listen to what the man in the street is asking. Considered from this viewpoint the book has a special attraction and originality. Passing through its pages we visualize the situations which were the occasions of the various answers and explanations. Mr. Goldstein has an original way of discussing these questions of the day with his audience.

His explanations abound with stories and wit which makes theology as he presents it all the more interesting.

Although a layman he proves in this book to be a theologian of ability. One with a degree in theology could hardly improve on his way of handling delicate doctrinal truths which he also succeeds in bringing down to the level of the crowd. He has a predilection for questions coming from Jewish members of his audience, as he is in a position to know their difficulties.

This is the age of Catholic Action when the bishops of the church are seeking more than ever to recruit apostles from among the laity. We frequently see books on theology for lay people appearing in the Catholic Press. Just recently a special course was opened at the Catholic University for lay people. This book by Mr. Goldstein is therefore especially opportune, in that it supplies a sort of Catholic encyclopedia in one volume. The book therefore is to be recommended not only for those engaged in convert-making, but for anyone who wants his interest stimulated in the learning of Catholic truth. Any well-written book on religion such as this should be welcome in a country like America where, in the words of Cardinal Gibbons, "too many people are living on the religion of their parents."

William Walker, O.S.B., S.T.D.

THE LOST WEEKEND

by C. R. Jackson

Farrar-Rhinehart, 1944
244 pp. \$2.50

Within the pages of this novel by Charles R. Jackson the mind of an alcoholic staggers and weaves. It is the pitiable, yet absorbing tale of a man obsessed with but one desire—another drink. Life without a drink left Don Birnam a helpless creature, cringing at every shadow; life with a drink, or rather a bevy of drinks, made him a shining Achilles filling his imaginary world with the overflow of his incandescent genius. Life for this alcoholic was an endless bar filled with illusions of success and love tended by an elusive Geni whom he could summon at the tilting of a bottle. Religion had no place in his life because of constant obeisance which he paid to ninety proof "spirits."

This book leaves the reader with a new insight and possibly a new understanding of the chronic alcoholic. The author has gone beyond the ludicrous veneer of the "comical" drunk and has shown the psychological factors which bore into the soul of the alcoholic. The story reaches a crescendo when the drunk

falls into a bad case of the *delirium tremens*, during which he lies mute with fear on his bed while his drink-laden brain presents a fight for life between a bat and a mouse. The story ends happily only in the eyes of one who is himself an alcoholic. To one who has mastery of his will the story ends on a note of despair. You may not like *The Lost Weekend*, but you will view the slaves of Bacchus with a different understanding after reading this book.

Glenn O'Connor

MARY THERESA COUNTESS LEDOCHOWSKA

by Valeria Bielak

Sodality of St. Peter Claver
3624 W. Pine Blvd.,
St. Louis 8, Missouri.

Reading the life of this servant of God, Mary Theresa Ledochowska, foundress of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, we remember the words of Dr. Alexis Carrel, eminent American surgeon and scientist: "The person of greatest worth in the world is not the artist, with all respect to his genius; not the great statesman; not even the great scientist. The person of greatest worth is the one who has developed the greatest degree of moral beauty in his soul, the saint. The Roman Catholic Church with her deep understanding of human nature recognizes this fact."

Mary Theresa belongs to our times, for she died only in 1922, and we are reminded again of the fact that side by side with us, as we feverishly attempt to find happiness, the saints of God silently and without much fanfare succeed in becoming holy. Perhaps the only difference between their lives and our commonplace and sinful ones is the singleness of purpose which drove them to seek God's glory at every moment.

The book is a fervent account of a great woman whose moral beauty deserves to be told to a world which is mad about loveliness of the body and forgetful and ignorant about the beauty of holiness. The many miracles and favors granted through the intercession of Mary Theresa give early assurance of her beatification. Those who seek only literary pleasure in their reading will be disappointed with this simple unadorned narrative; but those readers who seek inspiration for a worthwhile life will find it abundantly in the heroic life of this valiant lady. For young women who are puzzled about what to do with the time that God has given them I strongly recommend this book.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.



The Question Box

THE RIGHT TO CHRISTIAN BURIAL

A father and mother have an only son buried in the Catholic cemetery. The father owns the lot in which the boy is buried; the father is a non-Catholic, and is unbaptized. The mother of the boy was baptized a Catholic, but has not been to the Sacraments for thirty years. May the mother and father of this boy be buried beside him in the Catholic cemetery?—Indiana.

The right to be buried in a consecrated Catholic cemetery does not depend on ownership of a lot, but on Christian burial from the Catholic Church. Obviously, the father, an unbaptized non-Catholic is not entitled to Catholic burial; nor is the mother of the dead child entitled to Catholic burial as long as she is not reconciled to the Catholic Church by returning to the Sacraments. In this case the problem has to be referred to the pastor of the Catholic parish.

CONFESSION OF THE SIN OF ABORTION

May a woman who is guilty of the sin of abortion receive Holy Communion without going before the bishop? Or, if such a woman is in danger of death, may she receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction without confessing to the bishop?—Indiana.

The answer to both questions is yes. The sin of abortion, because of its special malice, has an excommunication attached to it; this means that the person guilty of such a sin, who knows the seriousness of

the crime, and is aware of the penalty of excommunication, may not receive the sacraments until the excommunication has been removed through a good confession. It is not necessary for the penitent to go before the bishop. She need only mention the sin of abortion to any priest in the confessional, and he will advise her what to do. In danger of death, if the woman is truly sorry for her sin, she may be reconciled to the Church by any priest without confessing to the bishop.

THE MARRIAGE OF A CATHOLIC WITH A DIVORCEE

May a divorced Protestant be married to a Catholic man by a Catholic priest? If not, may a dispensation be obtained from the bishop? I have known both of these cases to happen. What about it?—Iowa.

As your question reads the answer is no. A Catholic may no more marry a divorced Protestant than he may marry a divorced Catholic. However, if it can be proved to the satisfaction of the bishop's court that the first marriage of the divorced Protestant was invalid, i.e., no true marriage, then the Catholic may marry such a person, provided the proper dispensation for a mixed marriage is obtained, and provided no scandal is given; if the divorced Protestant's first partner is dead, and this fact can be proved, then there is no difficulty. In a marriage case of this kind the average lay Catholic is not sufficiently informed to pass judgment; the proper thing

is to refer the case to the bishop's court through one's pastor.

TRANSPORTATION TO MASS ON SUNDAYS

One Sunday we had company at our house, and were invited out to dinner about fifteen miles away. First, we drove the ten miles to church and heard Mass, and then we drove on five miles further to keep our dinner engagement. Because of this arrangement our hired man and girl who are Catholics, missed Mass since we did not return to bring them to church. Did we commit a sin by causing the hired help to miss Mass?—Illinois.

I would answer no. First of all, the hired help committed no sin because under the circumstances it was impossible for them to go to Mass. Secondly, there was no sin committed on your part, because you are allowed to entertain your company and to attend social affairs, even though, now and then, as a result of such an arrangement your hired help cannot go to Mass on Sunday.

BREAKING THE FAST BEFORE COMMUNION

I once tasted something by mistake before going to Communion. I did not think that I should receive, but my husband thought it would not be wrong. So I received Communion. I do not recall whether I confessed this or not. Should I mention this in confession the next time?—Illinois.

It was wrong for you to receive Communion after having broken your fast; (presuming that the food or drink was swallowed, not just touched to the tongue), however, for the peace of your conscience, you may mention the sin as doubtfully confessed, and then forget about it.

WORRY ABOUT PAST SIN

If one learns that a sin he has committed is mortal although at the time he was unaware of the seriousness of the sin, how should he be guided now that the doubt is removed?—Pennsylvania.

You are only guilty of the sin you think you commit. If through no

fault of your own, you did not know that a sin was mortal when you committed it, then you were not guilty of mortal sin. Later knowledge of the gravity of a past sin does not alter the state of your conscience at the time you committed the sin. For your peace of conscience you may mention the past sin and the circumstance of your discovering its seriousness later on. Then forget about it.

WHEN IS A CATHOLIC LATE FOR MASS?

I always thought that if you got to Mass on Sunday before the Gospel you were not really late. A few times I have come to Mass after the Mass had started, but before the Gospel. I read in your question box that a Catholic is late for Mass if he is not there when the priest begins Mass. What about it?—Illinois.

If a Catholic arrives at Mass at least before the offertory but after the Mass has started, he is late, but he does not commit a mortal sin. If, through his own fault, he comes after the Mass has begun he is guilty of a venial sin. When I advised Catholics to be present from the beginning of the Mass I was not changing the law of the Church, nor ignoring the rules of moral theology, but setting an ideal for all practical Catholics to strive after.

GOSSIP ON THE PARTY-LINE TELEPHONE

Is it a sin to listen on the telephone to other people's conversation as long as you do not repeat what you hear?—Illinois.

No, it is not a sin to listen in on the party-line as long as you do not sinfully gossip about what you hear. The institution of the party-line telephone is about as private as a conversation across the aisle of a street car; nobody expects privacy on the party-line telephone; as a matter of fact, it is notorious that one of the quickest ways to spread news in the country is to make an announcement over the party-line telephone. However, the habit of listening in to another's telephone conversation is a childish and dishonorable form of eavesdropping.

POSSIBLE INVALIDITY OF FIRST MARRIAGE

I am a Catholic girl keeping company with a divorced Catholic man who was married the first time to a Russian Orthodox woman in the Russian Orthodox Church. Is there any hope of my marrying this man in the Catholic Church?—New York.

It is difficult to answer a question of this kind YES or NO with the little information that I have from you. Everything depends on whether or not this man's first marriage was valid, i.e., a true marriage in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church.

If the facts presented in your letter mean that this man is a Roman Catholic, and was married invalidly to the Russian Orthodox woman, then there is some hope of your being permitted to marry him in the Roman Catholic Church.

However, it is for the bishop's court to decide that fact upon the evidence presented to it through your pastor; to whom you should bring your case. If you cannot approach the pastor, then take your case to any Catholic priest in the confessional. Meanwhile, you should try to break off regular company keeping with this man on account of the scandal that may be given. It is the height of sinful imprudence for a Catholic girl to become serious about a man who may never be free to marry her.

ON RESISTING EVIL THOUGHTS AND DESIRES

Does a person commit mortal sin if he has ugly thoughts against his will, and tries in every way to overcome them? A Catholic woman friend of mine told me that recently, quite often a curse word comes to her mind. She prays, makes no

venas to ask God's help; she even cries about it, and does everything to overcome the evil thoughts which seem to stick in her mind. Will you please try to relieve her mind of this worry?—Illinois.

So long as consent to the evil thought is refused she need have no worry about being guilty of any sin. The good woman's efforts and good will are enough evidence of her innocence despite the tenacity of the temptation.

The best defense against evil thoughts is 1) to dash the evil thought at the feet of Christ by invoking His holy Name, or by confessing one's temptations to Christ's ambassador in the confessional; 2) The best natural defense is NOT TO FIGHT THE EVIL THOUGHTS DIRECTLY, but rather to turn quickly and without excitement to something else that will absorb the whole attention; if, for example, a Catholic is trying not to think about tenderloin steak on Friday he should not keep repeating to himself: "I must not eat tenderloin steak; O Jesus, keep me from eating tenderloin steak today"—for soon his mouth begins to water for a juicy slab of tenderloin. DO NOT PAY SO MUCH ATTENTION TO THE EVIL THOUGHT OR TEMPTATION. And it will not bother you so much. Even if curse words or evil thoughts of any kind stick in our minds for days there is no sin so long as there is no consent; for what makes the thoughts sinful is not the fact that we notice them in our minds, but our consent to them and enjoyment of them. It will be a help to remember the words of St. John the Beloved apostle in his first letter: (ch. 4) "Greater is He that is within you than he (the devil) that is in the world."

It is an old story but it still has its charm. It concerns in this case a drunken reporter who was sent to another town to interview a man. Arrived there, very drunk, he found he had forgotten the name of the man he was supposed to see. He wired his editor: "Have forgotten the name of the interviewee." His editor wired back promptly: "His name is Schultheis. Yours is Schmitt."

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Not very long after my daughter had received your magazine she noticed the favors through Brother Meinrad and she sought his help for a very special intention. It was granted the same day. W.J.S. (Miss.)

I wish to report that seven different times I received answer promptly to prayers and the promise of reporting the favors received, to Brother Meinrad. L.C.S. (Kansas)

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for two favors I received from him. H.F.L. (Ill.)

Please accept the enclosed offering in thanksgiving for favors granted to me by Brother Meinrad. J.H.P. (Kansas)

I promised a Mass for the glorification of Br. Meinrad if he heard my prayer. It has been heard. Please publish this. T. H. (Texas)

Please say a Mass in thanksgiving for a special request that has been granted through the intercession of the Servant of God. A.C.M. (Iowa)

Brother Meinrad has granted me several favors and I wish to express my thanks for them. T.W. (Calif.)

All my requests have been answered in a most satisfactory way that I ever made to Brother Meinrad. A.S. (Ind.)

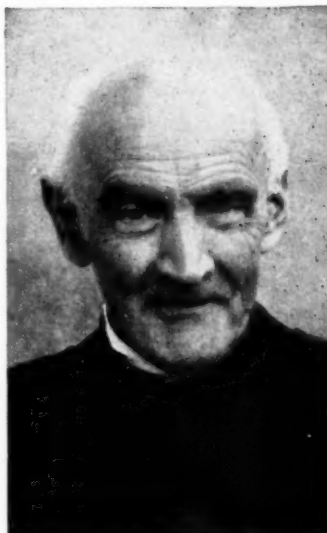
Brother Meinrad has helped me often. I am very grateful. L.H. (Ind.)

I want to report a special favor received. Please publish it under "Brother Meinrad Helps." M. S. (Ind.)

Enclosed find offering in honor of Brother Meinrad for having cured a head infection. M.W. (N. Y.)

Please accept the enclosed offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad. A.McD. (Oklahoma)

Many heartfelt thanks to Brother Meinrad for a great favor. A. B. (Wyoming)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1926 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

A child was suddenly stricken with insanity and was rushed to the hospital, where the doctor pronounced her insane. We prayed to Brother Meinrad and the next morning the child awoke perfectly normal. (Anon.)

I promised the enclosed and publication for two favors; one avoidance of a very serious operation and the other a safe journey for a member of the family. G. H. (Wash.)

I asked in private prayer for help from Brother Meinrad and it was granted. I am very grateful. H.M. (Wisconsin)

The enclosed is for a Mass in thanksgiving for a favor received from Brother Meinrad. L.E.W. (Alabama)

Enclosed is an offering in thanksgiving for favor from Brother Meinrad. H.G. (Okla.)

I promised Brother Meinrad a Mass for his beatification if he granted me a very special favor. The favor was granted. T.M. (Mo.)

This is to acknowledge favors obtained through Brother Meinrad and to petition new favors. M.O'S. (Ind.)

I want to thank Brother Meinrad for hearing my prayer in need. L.A. (N. H.)

I had an infected tooth and the first time the dentist treated it, the pain was terrible. I asked Brother Meinrad to help me and the pain was not so intense after that. P.G. (Mich.)

I am happy to report that Brother Meinrad has helped me again in a miraculous way. This time an operation has been averted. D.K. (Indiana)

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Would deeply appreciate the publication of many special favors received through Mother Frances Cabrini, one especially which seemed impossible. P. E. L. (USNR)

THE FIRST SATURDAY OF MAY IS MAY 4th.



THE PROMISE OF THE BLESSED MOTHER

for the

FIRST FIVE SATURDAYS

"I promise at the hour of death to help with the graces needed for their salvation, whoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive month, shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary, and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."

The Blessed Mother at Fatima on June 13th, 1917.

Note: In a later revelation the Blessed Mother explained that the Confession may be made during the eight days before or after the Communion on the first Saturday of the month. The Rosary (five decades) may be recited at any convenient time on the First Saturday; also the fifteen minute meditation may be made at any convenient time of that day, either on all of the mysteries as a whole, or on one special mystery.

Leaflets that briefly tell the story of Our Lady's appearances at Fatima, Portugal, with a little chart for keeping count of the First Saturdays, and also containing the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are available from THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana for 30¢ per hundred leaflets. Although the Blessed Mother appeared in 1917, it was only recently that what she revealed has been made public. Thus you are asked to promote the knowledge of the messages of the Blessed Mother by these little leaflets.

BEGIN YOUR FIRST SATURDAY ON MAY 4th.

th.

h.